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LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

A STORY OF THE NEW JERSEY COAST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY CONFESSION," "ZILLAH, THE CHILD-MEDIUM," ETC.

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CHAPTER XIII.

After a few weeks sojourn, as suddenly as he had come, Mr. Ahrenfeldt returned to New York. No one knew why nor wherefore,—the act like every thing else that concerned him was left characteristically unexplained. He had a cool way of silencing and baffling inquiry, against which no one dreamed of rebellion. It was sufficient, she thought, simply to make known the isolated fact of his intended departure. If there were any mystery about the circumstance, Ruth Hallowell, more than all, disclaimed curiosity on the subject. She was, it is true, somewhat wounded at what seemed a neglect of confidence, but she loved, and consequently—trusted.

After Mr. Ahrenfeldt went away, it seemed as though monotony descended again upon Lighthouse Island. The weeks passed slowly and heavily.

It was now August. It was understood that Ruth's marriage was to take place in the autumn. Her simple preparations, unimportant as they would have seemed to one in a higher station of life, engrossed all her own and Sonora's time. The bridal robes of pure white muslin, Sonora would have no one fashion but herself.

"Not even," she said, "must Ruth's needles pass through the fabric."

Ruth expostulated, urging her sister's late illness as a reason that she should not appropriate the task exclusively. But Sonora was firm.

"I am possessed," she said, with a half smile, half sigh, which carried a world of deep meaning, had Ruth dreamed in her innocent heart of probing them, "I am possessed with a sort of Presence of Unrest, and Conscience whispers to me the quaint conceit that in making this,—*your* bridal dress, I shall stitch it away."

Ruth yielded—looking no farther than the surface of things, and was happy.

Deep peace was in her heart, blissful peace, when, in gazing on this white, symbolic robe, she thought of the occasion it was to grace. And if her imagination flew happily beyond that time, it was to people all the future with unruffled content.

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It had been a warm, oppressive day. As the sun sank, soft, crimson clouds lining all the west, a breeze arose from the water, and sent a mild, balmy refreshment through the heated atmosphere.

The two sisters were in the porch of the Lighthouse cabin, taking leave of a tall, comely country girl, who, with her own stout hands, had rowed over the bay, in all the languor of that intense noon, simply for the purpose of inviting them to a quilting party, which was to take place at her home the next day.

"It's rather a warm spell of weather to do quiltin' in, to be sure," she said, apologetically, "but we have got some York company, and we want a sort of a spree while they're here. Ma said we shouldn't have none of your fine-lady-sit-with-your-hands-crossed tea gathering, when we could just git out a quilt as well as not. It kinder pays the way, you know. Be sure to come now. And don't forget to bring your own thimbles. Nothin' makes ma so hoppin' to have folks come without. Comin' to a quiltin' without a thimble she says is as bad as doin' to bed without a night cap. 'Tis ridiculous, ain't it?" And nodding and laughing the girl bade them good-bye, and sauntered slowly down in the gray, soft twilight, to that part of the shore where she had drawn up her skiff on the sand. Ruth and Sonora stood looking after her till she was no longer to be seen.

"Shall you go?" presently asked Sonora, with a low laugh.

"I don't know. I suppose so. Debby is rather good-hearted, if she is both coarse and vulgar. Beside, her family has frequently done ours great kindnesses. There being no possible excuse, I rather think we must not disappoint her."

"Anyway, it will be good fun," said Sonora, with all the reckless glee and thoughtlessness of her nature, "and, therefore, I for one advocate the quilting party."

They were still standing gazing after their visitor, when, from an opposite direction to that which Miss Debby had disappeared, came the beat of approaching footsteps. It was Ahrenfeldt, and the two girls started with surprise, as in a moment more his well-known, ringing laugh sounded close beside them, though the evening dusk hid his features from recognition. She advanced, he came near, and then it was a pretty sight to see the joy, the undisguised happiness that stole over Ruth's countenance, as doubt resolved itself into absolute certainty, nor did the slightly heightened color, the rapid kindling of the glittering orbs of Sonora escape the same keen eye that noted her sister's more open, more frank welcome.

Again and again Ruth questioned her lover his absence, whither he had been,—whom had seen, what he had done, and above all, hether in all this long lapse of time he had gotten her.

"Forgotten you!" he replied, smiling, "an idle question, which I will not answer. Are you glad to see me—am I welcome?"

"Welcome!" that was all she said, but the bright beaming of her face, the hearty sunshine in her expressive eyes spoke more than words. After a brief interval, they were broken in upon by a summons to tea, and Ruth, laughing, darted away to add some little touches of nicety to their homely fare, before Ahrenfeldt should enter the great kitchen.

Philip Ahrenfeldt remained looking after the form of his betrothed for a moment, then, with calm, unhesitating composure, strode abruptly, almost roughly, towards where, on the opposite extremity of the porch, Sonora sat, her head drooped, her eyes singularly intent upon the grass plot beyond. His brows were knit, his countenance darkly significant of something as yet unexpressed.

"You have not greeted me," he said, with more gentleness of tone than his face might have led her to expect, "no, not a word has passed your lips, save that one wondering exclamation of 'Philip,' when you saw me coming up the steps. Speak! Tell me if my coming is welcome to you."

A slight additional color mantled her cheeks.

"How else should it be?"

He turned away impatiently—the very action of his fingers told that. In a moment he was back again.

"Sonora?"

"Well, Philip?"

"Satisfy me, will you not? I am in a strange state of mind to-night. Trifles irritate me till I pass out of myself. I crave from you a kind word or two. Give me your hand, and say to me in your softest, most womanly way, this phrase, 'Philip, I am very glad that you have come.' Will you?"

Without hesitation she extended her hand, he took it first in one, then in both his own, while she repeated the imposed sentence, word for word. He gazed at her as she did so, with eager, hungry curiosity; then, as she concluded, he threw her hand from him with a scornful laugh.

"I was a fool!" he said, harshly; "there is no more feeling in her voice than in that of a parrot. I know now, that though one may dictate the expression of friendship, the sentiment itself may elude command. The wild, free thing will not be driven—it defies the chains of compulsion. It must come willingly, gladly, or—not at all! Yes, yes, it eludes command!"

"As it should," said Sonora, bravely, "but in this case—"

"Ay," broke in Ahrenfeldt, with animation, "what of this case?"

"Nothing," said Ruth, laughing, as she advanced from the door of the kitchen, "nothing, because tea is ready."

Great were the rejoicings in this poor, uneducated family, at Philip Ahrenfeldt's return. The lighthouse-keeper, his wife, and even the undemonstrative Nicholas greeted him warmly, cordially, as once more he took his seat among them at table. Many were the questions asked and answered, and frequent were the exclamations at items of news from the far-off city from which he had just come.

"Du tell," said Miss Saphronia, in her turn, peering over at the new comer, "du tell what sort of a place New York is. Kinder dreadful, ain't it? I've always heerd so."

Ahrenfeldt good-naturedly assured her to the contrary, but the old lady was obstinate.—Having once conceived her own opinion, nothing could alter it.

"Well, girls," said Mrs. Hallowell, when the first tumult of greeting had subsided, "what do you think of Debby Huyler's invitation to the quiltin' bee to-morrow? Are you goin'?"

Sonora laughed, saying,

"What fun that will be! I confess I have quite a curiosity to see how such things are managed. I have lived so long in the city, that I have almost forgotten the appearance of country festivities."

"Remember the thimbles!" said Ruth, smiling.

"A quilting party?" broke in Mr. Ahrenfeldt, "do go both of you, and take me along. To-morrow lies idly on my hands. I have nothing in the world to do."

"But I have," said Ruth, "plenty; namely, baking, brewing, sewing, churning—"

"Which is all jist of no account at all," interrupted her mother. "If you and Sonora fix up right smart and go to the Huylers, I'll see to everything else."

"Yes," said Miss Saphronia, "and I'll help, too. I'm a powerful good hand at the churn, I can tell you. *I* know how to make the butter fly!"

"After it's churned! Yes, indeed!" muttered Mrs Hallowell, disdainfully, "guess 'tain't the first time I've know'd *that*, Cousin Saphrony!"

MRS. HUYLER ASKS A PLAIN QUESTION.

The little woman must have caught some part of these words from her hostess, for rolling up her eyes, she said, coolly,

"Wal, yes, I be rather fond of butter, I 'spect. It makes a poor cretur so frisky," and by way of exemplifying the effect in question, she hopped briskly from her chair, and pranced out of the room.

The next morning was warm and heavy.—There had been rain during the night, and there was now great prospect of its continuance. The long grass was fairly beaten to the ground by the lately descended flood, and Sonora's little flower plot, which, during the summer, had been her particular care, looked a dreary waste.

"There will be no quilting bee to-day," she said, despondently, as she eyed the murky sky, "or at least it will be minus our honorable company. I, for one, would not dare to cross the bay in a blinding mist like this one that favors us at present. That cloud eastward has a dull, threatening look, which I do not half like."

But as the hours advanced towards noon, Sonora found herself agreeably disappointed. It did not rain, and the sun broke out from bondage with the bright, hopeful look, which all things wear on attaining freedom.

Sonora seemed particularly happy to-day. She danced about like a sprite, and when dressed, in honor of the occasion, in her soft brown muslin, with a flower or two upon her breast, she looked so gracefully beautiful, so innocently childlike, that Ruth called her the "Lighthouse Rose."

"And you," said Sonora, kissing her, "are a tall, stately Lily, the pride of the whole garden."

Mr. Ahrenfeldt was to row over for them at two o'clock, if it were clear, and as there was now no doubt of that circumstance, they went down to the beach, at the appointed time, to await his coming. They had not long to remain in suspense, for presently he came in sight, or rather his skiff did, for while his boatman did duty at the oars, he himself was hidden completely from view under shelter of a huge umbrella, "a family umbrella," remarked Sonora, as he assisted to seat them, "and really, Philip, it gives you quite a patriarchal appearance, I can assure you."

"Patriarchal, indeed!" said Mr. Ahrenfeldt, indignantly; "why, child, one would think you were addressing a man of fifty."

She laughed, tossed negligently back her long hair, and leaning over the side of the skiff, dipped her white, delicate hands (ah, so different from those of her life-long laborious sister!) into the green, surging water, and watched, with child-like interest, the bright drops drip from her finger-ends back to their mother element.

Unobserved, from the cool depths of the umbrella, whose deep shadow, with characteristic independence, she had refused to enjoy in company with Ruth and himself, Ahrenfeldt looked at Sonora with long, lingering gazes. She was as radiant to-day as a very Iris. Was it the fault of this man's nature that he found in that sweet face so strange a fascination?—Glance from it, reluctantly, which way he would, half-involuntarily his eyes wandered back again.

Ah, Sonora, Sonora, little high hearted songstress, be wary, for Destiny is weaving that around your path which some day you will start to behold!

"Pray," said Mr. Ahrenfeldt, presently, "who is this Debby Huyler—this industrious damsel, covetous of thimbles and counterpanes?"

"A farmer's daughter," said Ruth, "of the plainest description, and you will find, probably, all her guests on a level with herself; that some of them will be, I can speak from absolute knowledge. You must show yourself very sage and sedate, Philip;—on no account must you smile at what you see, and you will see strange things."

"Smile! not I. No mummy shall be graver than your humble servant. Keep me under the shadow of your wing, however, or I will not be answerable for myself. What bird is that, Sonora, venturing so recklessly near our boat? A petrel, as I live!"

"And there are others," cried Ruth, in alarm. "Look! one, two, three—we are surely going to have another storm. How beautifully they skim over the water!"

"There are more than three," exclaimed Sonora, "just beyond that blue cloud, and there in the offing you will find a whole flock. The dark back-ground conceals them somewhat, but if you examine carefully—carefully—there, do you see them flying? We shall have more rain, I am almost certain."

"Had we not better go back to the island?" asked Ruth, anxiously. "It will be so annoying to be storm staid."

"Nonsense," cried Mr. Ahrenfeldt, rather impetuously, "what is a drop or two of wet? This little shallow bay is as safe to cross in rain as in calm. What! afraid, Ruth?"

"No," she said, meeting his skeptical smile with one as beaming as Hope herself.

"And you?" he said, turning to Sonora. She shook her head, but the varying expression of her features belied the denial.

"If you glance behind us," she said, "you will see a certain heaviness of outline to the clouds which has come since we left the island, and which is by no means indicative of clear weather. However, we are so nearly landed that—"

"We will let the weather take care of itself, while we do the same for ourselves," cried Ahrenfeldt. "Who would forego the pleasure of being numbered among Mistress Huyler's thimbles for the sake of a petty shower?"

As he spoke, half abstractedly, he drew out a cigar and lit it.

"Philip," said Ruth, with much decision, "why will you let that odious habit fasten itself upon you?"

"Is it odious?" he replied, coolly taking his second puff. Ruth reddened at the carelessness of his tone.

"It is accounted so," she said, warmly, "certainly, if nothing worse, it is *selfish*. All enjoyments are which can only be agreeable to oneself."

Mr. Ahrenfeldt paused, took the cigar from his lips, but, holding it still lighted between his fingers, made no attempt to cast it away. Ruth Hallowell's eyes were bent dreamily over the boat edge; she did not see the respect, nay, almost reverence with which Ahrenfeldt turned to Sonora and asked, "If she, too, were a foe to the fragrant weed?" Sonora hesitated to reply, but when Ruth glanced upward, slightly surprised at her sister's tardiness of response, she answered promptly, yet with non-committal meaning,

"I am a foe to no habit which is a generous one."

Mr. Ahrenfeldt looked rather uncomfortably as he sent his cigar skimmingly over the water.

"That is enough," he said, "I stand condemned."

As they neared the shore Ruth felt a curious, partially undefined doubt whether it had been for her he had made this little sacrifice.

The Huyler homestead was an old moss-grown building, nearly ready to go to ruin, only thrifty hands and careful management making it habitable. Its immense eaves were propped with bars to keep them from falling, which would rather have discommoded the swallows that had constructed their nests beneath them, to say nothing of the inconvenience such an incident would have been to the human inmates of the farm house. The tall, quaint chimnies, the sloping roof, the small, high windows, and other different tokens of ancient architecture were pleasant things to eyes that, like Philip Ahrenfeldt's, were accustomed to the red, monotonous brick walls of cities. A picket fence enclosed in front, the usual forlorn, neglected garden spot of farmers, nothing being to be seen in it, as is generally the case, but a few coarse, hardy flowers, and so plenteous an array of tall, rank weeds, that someway the mind receives a very dismal idea of the length and breadth of country bred inclinations and tastes. A barn, with its usual appendages of yard, cow-houses and corn-cribs had its place in the back-ground, while on either side of the garden enclosure, as far as the eye could reach, a rail fence extended, protecting from trespassers the poor, sterile farm belonging to the establishment, and more poor, more hopelessly sterile it could not well have been, the State of New Jersey being, indeed, notorious for its unproductiveness of soil. A row of fine old American willows drooped their venerable branches in front of the domain itself, imparting to the otherwise bald spot much of rural beauty. Rows of currant bushes lined the sides of the path that led through the garden to the house, over the railings of the piazza of which, and upward towards the overhanging eaves, crept a feeble, half dying grape-vine.

"Somethin' rather ailed it, 'twere jist like a child a teethin'," Debby said, when, as she boisterously came out to meet and upbraid for their lateness the party from the island, Sonora carelessly remarked the vine's meagre state.

The two girls were ushered up stairs to remove their bonnets, after which, on rejoining Mr. Ahrenfeldt, Miss Debby conducted them into the parlor in which the quilting frame was already stretched, and in a loud voice introduced them by name, one by one, to the assembled company, which consisted entirely of ladies. Immediately there ensued a general pushing back of chairs, and a series of old fashioned courtsies on the part of the first arrivals, followed by the simultaneous critical assault of twenty pairs of eyes or more upon the dress, appearance, etc., of the new-comers, while Mrs. Huyler, with praiseworthy, economical expedition, endeavored to make way for the two girls at the frame.

It was a square room, presenting a prospect of decided cheerlessness. The high-backed wooden chairs, the faded ingrain carpet, whose great age effectually prevented the recognition of its original pattern, the large, tall-posted bedstead in one corner, without which in those days, no New Jersey farmhouse parlor was considered complete, the few staring, gaudy prints upon the whitewashed walls, might perhaps have excited a smile even upon Ahrenfeldt's well-bred lips, had it not been that the sight was better calculated to create a sense of depression and uncomfortable feeling.

"We're doin' it extry nice," said Mrs. Huyler to Ruth, "so you must be very perticelar. Dear me, there is only room for one. Which of you two is handiest with your needle?"

"Ruth is, I'll be bound," said Debby, laughing, "'cause tother one is of city edercation. Sich never is very powerful smart, I've heerd tell."

"Oh, you hush," said her mother, but at the same time allowing her appreciation of her daughter's wit to be seen in her by no means disapproving face.

"We shall be obliged to make you our judge, Mrs. Huyler," said Ruth, with cool composure, "when we have each given you a specimen."

"I don't know about that," said the old lady, "there is but a single vacant place here, as I said, so one of you must give in to t'other."

Ruth took possession of it, hoping by this means to relieve her sister from the slight embarrassment under which she seemed to be laboring, and her forethought had its effect. Sonora, however, having no intention of remaining idle, too possession of a huge hank of white linen quilting thread, and prepared to wind it. No sooner did Mr. Ahrenfeldt perceive this, than he drew up his chair, and insisted on holding the successive skeins for her. Many were the inquisitive glances cast in his direction, as he did so; curiosity was on the *qui vive* to discover exactly who and what he was; if he were annoyed by this scrutiny, he had only himself to blame, for had he waited until evening, before making his appearance, as he well knew was the etiquette at these gatherings, he would not have exposed himself to it.

The conversation, which had been interrupted on their entrance, was now resumed. When the general buzz of voices was re-established, Ruth's next neighbors, an old lady and her daughter, a pretty, rosy-cheeked girl of twenty, began a series of inquiries as to the Island news.

"I say, Ruth," said the mother, as she took a pinch of snuff, and drew the sleeve of her dress across her nose to remove any extra particles that might have adhered to it, "I say, Ruth, folks tell me you air keepin' company—is it true?"

"Very likely," was the young girl's answer, "you see, Mrs. Brown, that at present I am keeping yours."

"Bosh! you know what I mean, jist as well as Barbary, here—don't she, Barbary? I can't a-bear folks to prevarigate. The Gospil truth should be spoke at all times. Now, what I mean is this—air you, or air you not, keepin' stiddy company?"

"It looks like it," put in Barbary, with a short laugh, and a look towards Mr. Ahrenfeldt, "I must say it looks remarkable like it."

Although Mr. Ahrenfeldt and Sonora were seated not far distant, and had every opportunity of hearing, in the hurried, distressed glimpse Ruth ventured to take, she saw that they were quietly conversing over the skein Ahrenfeldt held on his hands, and consequently, she hoped Mrs. Brown's remarks had passed unheeded.

"Why don't you answer?" persisted her tormentor, "you needn't turn so red—I guess I shan't eat you."

"Lor, ma," said the promising young lady, her daughter, "now don't! Can't you see how you flurry somebody? Look here, Ruth Hallowell, we'll cry quits, if you'll speak up honest. Ain't that the one?" indicating Ahrenfeldt with her outstretched thumb.

Ruth was about replying, which she scarcely knew, when a movement being made to roll the quilt, the attention of her inquisitors was, to her great relief, diverted.

"It's a powerful hot spell," observed a young woman opposite Ruth, to some one sitting next to her. "Have you heard the news, Jinny, about Miss Rodny's baby?"

The damsel addressed as "Jinny" signified that she had not.

"No! you don't tell me so!" cried the other. And to Ruth's unspeakable joy, her own neighbors were soon intensely interested in the long account that immediately followed of the child of some Mrs. Rodny, who "had been took sick with the cholera infantry," as the relator expressed it, "and wasn't expected to live no time at all," adding an elaborate description of the manner in which the mother "went on."

Such were the companions, such the associations among which Ruth Hallowell had been reared. Like a snow-white lily, growing in a bed of slimy mire, yet casting forth all taint from its leaves and blossoms, so had been her life, as pure now, as spotless as that of the most refined lady in America, thanks to the influence of Father Lee, and Father Lee alone. Good old man! he was yet to behold his reward! He was not to die and see no harvest ripening from the seeds, the humble grains of knowledge he had planted long ago.

The afternoon wore gradually away. It was not destined to be all annoyances either to Ruth or her two companions. In a long and pleasant chat with Mrs. Dale, the wife of the minister of the village, (the glittering spire of his little church was visible even from the island,) she forgot all disagreeabilities, breathing with feverish relish, the sort of atmosphere of serenity which seemed to hover around this good and amiable woman. They spoke of books, of pictures, of travelling—of the old world, and Mrs. Dale related to Ruth, an adventure she had met before her marriage, when traveling abroad, an adventure while exploring the ruins of the ancient Egyptian temple, Abou Simbal. Wonderful event, exciting recital was the simple tale to Ruth, who in her confident heart, believed that life in foreign lands, must of itself evolve happiness. She called Mr. Ahrenfeldt and Sonora, who, having long since finished the thread-winding, were now cosily chatting by one of the old fashioned windows, and presenting them to her cheerful little companion, there ensued a lively conversation, that lasted till tea, which was announced just as the sun was setting over the water in a very murky and unsatisfactory manner. Evidently a storm was brewing. Neither Mrs. Huyler nor Debby would, however, listen to Ruth's and Sonora's desire to take their departure now, stay to tea they must, stay to tea they should, and stay consequently they did. The village beaux, together with various married men whose wives were present, began to make their appearance about this time, and soon Mistress Huyler's parlor was filled to its utmost capacity. When the summons came for tea, it was a relief to leave the warm, crowded apartment, and repair to the cooler regions of the dining-room, in whose ample space was spread a long table, loaded with nicoties, and such too, as in their perfection are only producable in farm-houses. The large, brimming pitchers of yellow, foamy cream, the fresh fruit, the rich home-made cheeses, interspersed with innumerable cakes and custards, and such bread and butter as no one knew better how to manufacture than Mrs. Huyler, made a very creditable display.

"How have I deported myself?" smilingly asked Mr. Ahrenfeldt, as he took his seat between the two girls at the table, opposite a very fat, red faced farmer, who was deeply engaged talking with Mr. Dale about the mysteries of hay-making (and all mystery it was to Ahrenfeldt). "Have I broken upon your quilting bee etiquette in any way?"

"I am afraid—that is, I do believe you have, although unintentionally," said Ruth, "because, from various scrutinizing looks which I caught fastened upon you, I rather think we ought not to have brought you with us. Possibly, remember I only say *possibly*, your presence may have been a restraint upon these good people, because they are totally unacquainted with you."

"By report, however, it seems they are not," said Mr. Ahrenfeldt, carelessly, and his furtive smile told her that he had overheard old Mrs Brown's inquiries with regard to himself.

"Ruthie," said Sonora, with simplicity—"we have had such a good time! Everything is so funny! We have enjoyed it—haven't we?" she added, appealing to Ahrenfeldt.

He did not reply, but met her innocent face with a pleased expression on his own.

There was a sunshine appertaining to Sonora which unconsciously extended itself to those around her. It sent a warm, rich thrill around one's heart, like that which accompanies a generous deed. Here was an unique character in

its way. Mr. Ahrenfeldt had never met woman nor girl like her before, there was consequently the charm of novelty about her to which few men are indifferent. She was not. He could not have been perhaps, for his very nature was not constituted to rebel against it. Although inferior to her sister, when judged by an intellectual standard, there was far more freshness clinging to Sonora and her estimates of Life than to Ruth. Experiences of sorrow had not yet succeeded in searing her heart. It was like a blank page awaiting impression, or the newly unfolded leaf of a flower, which nothing as yet but the sun had touched. Ruth, in addition to her outward loveliness, possessed an inner, subtler beauty;—strange tale, that her sister's piquancy of character should gain a greater hold over a pallid, world-weary mind, than she herself with all her gifts of frame and spirit!

Mrs. Huyler sat at the head of her tea-table in state. Ever and anon in a loud voice she entreated her guests to allow her to help them to more, ceremoniously stating to each one individually, that she was sorry he or she had such a poor appetite, and were making such a sparing supper. She only wished she had something nice to tempt them with, but such as it was, they were quite welcome, that they were—she only wished it was better, that she did!

In vain her visitors protested that everything was delightful, and so nicely prepared—in vain they declared that really they had never eaten so heartily in all their lives—never! adding that actually they were quite ashamed of themselves for doing so—nothing could make their worthy hostess less vehement in her *expressions* of disappointment, although she felt convinced inwardly, that seldom before had a more sumptuous table been spread in the neighborhood, at the same time complacently wondering what Mrs. Jones would say to Mrs. Rynders about it the next time they met!

In one corner of the huge kitchen sat an old crone, smoking the blackened stump of a pipe, who examined our party from the island in a peculiarly interested manner, with both eyes and mouth wide open. She was a queer, quaint specimen of age, in this wild, remote, and, I might almost say, uncivilized part of the country. On Mr. Ahrenfeldt in particular she fixed her attention, and whenever he turned his head that way, he was sure to find her little, watery, gray eyes settled full upon him. Each time that thus he encountered her gaze, she took the trouble to rise and make a sort of courtsey, reiterating as she did so, the single phrase—"I be very well, I thank you," after which she made another bow, and seating herself, coolly puffed away again at her pipe. This performance was repeated so often, that at last, Ahrenfeldt, no longer able to contain either his amusement or his curiosity, asked Ruth if she knew who she was. On ascertaining that it was Debby Huyler's grandmother, he was no farther at a loss to account for the lack of some small points of breeding in that damsel and her own maternal ancestor.

Tea over, various games were proposed, and entered upon by the younger part of the company, while the discreet mammas and papas sat in silent rows around the room, but for this Ruth would not stay. A few warning drops of rain had already begun to fall, and, in haste to be home before the storm became absolutely settled, she, her sister and Ahrenfeldt took leave of the family, and made the best of their way to the beach, moored upon which they had left their boat.

It does not appertain to this tale to relate how long before they reached the island the storm broke, and how the little boat rose and sank upon the angered waves, like a nutshell. Repenting the folly of his persistence too late, Ahrenfeldt wished he had taken advice and given up the visit. At last, dripping wet, the party reached the island, very glad to be safely at home.

Ahrenfeldt passed the night at the Lighthouse, but he slept but little. Uneasy in body and mind, slumber was not for him. He fell into fitful dozes, and awoke with sudden restless starts. Ruth's eyes haunted him, with a strange reproach in their depths, they burned themselves into his dreams, and smote him with remorse. Remorse—and for what? For that which had been, or for that which might be?

CHAPTER XIV.

"Ruth," said Philip Ahrenfeldt, as he sauntered in one day, not long after his return, "Will Barnes told me they were going to set fire, some night next week, to that old wreck down on the southern shore. I believe the day is a sort of anniversary among those people, and they desire to do something in commemoration. Let us stroll over there just after dusk, whenever it takes place, and witness their novel manœuvres. It will be moonlight, too, and the walk will be pleasant. Shall we go?"

Sonora, who was sitting in the shadow of the open door in such a manner that she was sheltered by it from observation, raised her eyes, and looked at Ahrenfeldt as he entered, with strange earnestness, but did not speak. Never was the eye of a young girl more singularly expressive of a combination of fear, covert admiration and gravity, than this one brief glance.

"I am very willing," said Ruth, simply.

"And Sonora will accompany us, perhaps," he continued, carelessly," poor child, for the last day or two, she has looked so depressed. I am afraid these sea-breezes do not agree with her."

"There she is," cried Ruth, laughing, "behind you. She will answer for herself."

Mr. Ahrenfeldt seemed amazed, but unhesitatingly andvanced towards Sonora.

"Will you go?" he said, abruptly.

Sonora colored.

"You misunderstand my moods," she replied, coldly. "I am not at all depressed. One cannot laugh always. A perpetual grin is my detestation."

Ruth looked as she felt, surprised, but Mr. Ahrenfeldt did not indicate anything of the kind in his manner, as he walked to a window and coolly began whistling and drumming on the glass.

During the day, he found himself alone with Sonora, for a few moments. Nothwithstanding her evident exertion, it was apparent that she was indeed, as he had said, depressed; the truth was that the sincere, single hearted girl was too unaccustomed to deceit to practice it now with any success.

When Ahrenfeldt came to her this day, and for a long while sat there quietly talking to her, of what she scarcely knew in her bewilderment, the slow tears gathered in her eyes and fell over her hands clasped in her lap. Her companion saw them, and whatever their cause, it was to him a triumph to have witnessed them—a source of intense satisfaction.

"Sonora," he said, gently, and with well assumed ignorance of the cause of her emotion, "I beg of you to forget, or at least to strive to forget all the distress you have suffered from contact with my family. As for the future, you need not, I assure you, for one moment, fear farther interference from my brother."

"I do not," she said, suddenly, stung as it were by the carelessness of these words, "it is not your brother I fear."

"Whom then?" he asked, exulting in the slight but unconscious emphasis on her tone. We are all creatures, more or less of impulse. She did not look at him, perhaps she dared not, as she said, without realizing the meaning attached to her words, or the folly of uttering them at all—

"Philip Ahrenfeldt, perhaps some day you will know, but it will not be because I have told you."

He smiled—such a mocking smile, and before she was aware of his design, he stooped, took her hand, and pressed it lightly to his lips. Sonora caught it from him indignantly, and with a passionate gesture, seemed to fling the caress from her fingers.

"Do not touch me," she said, almost fiercely, "do not come near me. You make me hate myself and you."

"Hate!" He shook his head; there was a curl of unbelief on his lip.

She turned and abruptly went out of the room, repenting, too late, her weakness, and despising herself, with such bitter angry feelings as seldom proved themselves to belong to her nature.

The languor and listlessness which had been creeping over her lately had not baffled observation. Ruth, among others, saw with solicitude, that something had occurred to make her sister discontented with the island. What it was, she could not conjecture—a suspicion of the truth never entered her imagination.

"Sonora is tired of our poor living," said the good lighthouse-keeper, with a sigh.

"A likely story," spoke up his amiable spouse, "but if she is, I'll soon let her know we won't have no airs. It all comes of sending her away. Gittin' tired, eh! let me ketch her at it!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Heaven darkly works;
A pale man bears about a martyr's heart,
And never feeds his fire; while one burns high
With a recanting soul. The patriot's head
Wastes on a pole above a gate of slaves
In sun and rain, while he who only sought
The awful glitter of the diadem
Stands crowned, with acclamations of the free
Rising like incense round him On the sands
Jove lolls, and listens to the sleepy surge,
His right arm boltless, and that brow, whose frown
Could shake Olympus, naked as the peak
That fronts the sunset; while a baby hand
Clutches the thunder. Yet through all we know
This tangled skein is in the hands of One
Who sees the end from the beginning; He
Shall yet unravel all. —*Alex. Smith.*

☞ THAT'S SO!—What animal has the most brains? Give it up?

The hog. He has a *hogshead* full of 'em.

☞ A young lady inquired of a sailor why a ship was always called she? "Because," replied Jack, "the rigging costs a thunderin' sight more than the hull."

☞ Lord Byron used to tell an anecdote, which he always prefaced by saying, "It must be allowed they were well read in history." At a dinner, the present Duke of ——— presided, and rose to give a toast. "Gentlemen," said he, "I will give you the noble cause for which" (here he turned round to Hobhouse, and asked, in a whisper, "Which of them died on the field?" and not getting an answer, he continued,) "for which Sydney died on the field, and Hampden on the scaffold."

☞ "Louis, the well-beloved," said the priest who announced the death of Louis the Fifteenth, "sleeps in the Lord." "If such a mass of laziness and lust," growls Carlyle, in reply, "sleeps in the Lord, who, think you, sleeps elsewhere?"

His errors darkened in the very blaze
And sunlight of his virtues. A slur of mire
Sits more conspicuous on the captain's steel
Than on the battle-worn and dinted mail
Of the rude man at arms. —*Alex. Smith.*

☞ The Athenians raised a noble statue to the memory of Æsop, and placed a slave on a pedestal, that men might know the way to honor was open to all.

☞ Post-stamps, sent by letter, should be folded in coarse blotting paper, to which they will not adhere.

☞ Lawyers, it has been remarked, generally know too much of law to have a very clear perception of justice, just as divines are often too deeply read in theology to appreciate the full grandeur and the proper tendencies of religion.

☞ It is a very common thing to abuse lawyers. Briefless lawyers, however, should always be excepted. It would be wrong to speak ill of a man "without a cause."

☞ Habits are as easy caught as "yaller birds." Let a circus arrive in town, and in less than a week, half the boys in town will be throwing somersets, and breaking their necks over an empty mackerel barrel.

☞ Women, in their most exalted state, are not so difficult to win as they are sometimes imagined to be; it unfortunately happens that the best men think them the most so.—*Mackenzie.*

"To THINE own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."
—*Shakspeare.*

☞ A chorister of a country church lately made a sad mistake in the choice of a tune, there being a long *star* in it, which came directly upon an unfortunate word, which produced a startling effect, namely:

"With reverence let the saints appear,
And bow-wow-wow before the Lord"

☞ A young man in a large company, descanting very flippantly on a subject his knowledge of which was very superficial, the Duchess of Devonshire asked his name. "'Tis Scarlet," replied a gentleman who stood by. "That may be," said her Grace, "and yet he is not deep read."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTE'BER 19, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of the POST is $2 a year *in advance*—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

The POST is believed to have a larger country circulation than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

The POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of the POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer. Owing, however, to the great and increasing demand for the Paper, those wishing back numbers had better apply as early as possible, our rule being "First come, first served."

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest, are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers:

WILLIAM HOWITT, (OF ENGLAND,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, EMMA ALICE BROWNE, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

We are now engaged in publishing the following novelet, WHICH WILL BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

The following—WHICH WILL ALSO BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH ENGRAVINGS—will be published in due season:—

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY,

A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Last of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

In addition to our original novelets, we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

THE MONEY PANIC.

The money panic still continues. Every day brings the intelligence of great failures in various parts of the country, and something better than rumor hints that the crisis is not yet gained. It is feared that the commercial disasters of '37 are to be paralleled in the present year, and that before New Year's day comes again, many a great house will have sunk in ruin. We have no disposition to alarm our readers, or to still further weaken public confidence in the various banks and commercial houses. But it would be worse than foolish to ignore the warnings which the telegraphic news and the reports of the money market, convey daily to all minds. No doubt bold stock jobbers and desperate financiers of all grades would be vastly obliged to us if we would play Mr. Mum, or endeavor to assure the people that things are all right, and were never better. But whatever disastrous consequences may come from the present condition of commercial affairs will surely fall upon, not only the rash men, and foolish men, and wicked men who are directly concerned in the issue, but upon the producing classes of this country. These are mainly composed of poor persons who earn their bread by the sweat of the brow, and to whom any pecuniary loss is of no trifling consequence. We shall therefore beg to be excused if we do not put our head in a bag just at present, and refuse to see that the interests of very many working people are involved more or less in the condition of commercial affairs at this time. It is not to increase the panic that we publish these words. It is simply to tell the farmers, mechanics, and country traders, whom we address weekly in all parts of the country that business matters are laboring through a season of difficulty and danger, and to urge upon them the necessity of looking to their interests with a cautious and careful eye. We will not say that there is great cause for alarm, but we *will* say that there is great cause for extreme circumspection and a wise prudence.

We have all read in our childhood of the merry piper who "pulled out his pipes, and played a tune and bade the cow consider." To our mind, there is a very high transcendental sense in that old nursery rhyme, just at present. The patient public is the cow, which the financiers are going to milk of its money, if they can. We are the merry piper, playing our warning tune, and we bid the cow consider whether it will let itself be milked so easily. The points of consideration are manifold.

In the first place, let every one consider how to practice a pains taking economy. Waste no money. Live strictly within your means. Expend nothing for gew-gaws or luxuries. Retrench your expenses as much as possible. See to it that every dollar spent, is spent for some necessary. If you are touched with the lunacy for speculation, get rid of it as soon as may be. If you are not, keep as you are. If you have money to invest, invest it where you *know* it will be safe, and trust no equivocal or second-hand statement of the reliability of the institution or interest to which you confide it. If you cannot ascertain to a dead certainty the state of security in which said interest or institution exists, believe us that a very good place for investment is your vest pocket, and a better still, the private drawer under your own roof tree.

Ascertain definitely the condition of your county banks, and the nature and extent of their connections with other institutions. Don't get into a fright if you find them unable just now to redeem their bills in specie. The stocks on which they base their issues may be perfectly sound; but find out exactly what those stocks are, and how far they are affected by the fluctuations of the stock-market. Ah! it is here that the whole thing saddens! For what business have any banks to be affected by the fluctuations of the stock-market to such an extent that they cannot at any moment render up honest bullion for their bills! When will men learn to be just and to speak the truth? These bankers build their whole method of operation on a lie. On their bills they promise to pay on demand—on demand, mind you!—one dollar, or five, or fifty, or fifty thousand, as the case may be, and on the strength of that promise, we, the hardworking people, believing that they have the specie in their vaults, confide to them our earnings, and accept their tokens—these bank notes—as mediums of exchange. But when at such a crisis as this, we attempt to hold them to their promise—when we say, "Here, take back these bills, and give us in return, their worth in the current coin of this country—" we find to our confusion and dismay that their vaults are empty that their capital is invested in stocks, which, having no actual value, it is impossible to convert immediately into hard money, and their vaunted "promise to pay" turns out to be a falsehood. Lucky for us then, if in such a crisis as the present, we do not wait patiently for them to make their word ultimately good, only to learn some fine day, that the stocks are hopelessly down and that they have utterly broken, leaving us robbed and ruined! What right have they to risk our money in their doubtful speculations? What right have they to hazard our hard-earned dollars in their games of chance or skill, and make our little fortunes contingent upon their gains or losses? When we send our thoughts back to the crash of '37, and remember its sad results—the homes destroyed, the hate engendered, the penury, the misery, the broken health, the broken hearts, the famished wives, the hungry children, the suicides' graves, and the life-long sorrows over them—all consequent on such dealings and deceptions as these—and when we think that, for aught we know, similar wretchedness and horror may now accrue from the operations of the same lying system—our whole nature is stirred with indignation. Well might some ruined man as he confronts the cashier who tells him the bank cannot redeem its bills, and understands what such a speech means, mutter in his heart the altered words of *Macbeth*,—

"Accursed be the tongue that tells me so!
"And be these juggling BANKS no more believed
"That palter with us in a double sense—
"That keep THE WORD OF PROMISE to the ear,
"And break it to the hope!"

A jesting parody—is it? Too much sober earnest in it for that! This banking system ought to be taken up by the four corners, and shaken till the knaves are shaken out of it, or till it drops to pieces! It is in one half the instances, if not more, nothing but an ugly and audacious lie!

Let us resume, and struggling against this condition of affairs, offer such other fragments of practical advice as can be of possible service in such a tangle. There is little more. One thing is advisable. Let our country friends consider well the repute and condition of any foreign bank whose bills are offered them in exchange for produce or labor. Take none that are not above suspicion. In this connection, it is well to say that no reliance can be safely placed upon Bank-Note Reporters, or Bank Lists in certain papers—particularly those that are issued from that dubious den of thieves, known as Wall street. These publications are very apt to be the lying bulletins of bankers and brokers who are very scrupulous not to speak the truth lest they should shame the devil. The Great Marquis sang to his mistress

"I would not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more."

We parody that to say that these gentlemen would not guard other people's money so much, if they could not guard their own more! However, let us not bring the focus of our contempt so completely on them, as to miss scorching their counterparts in Philadelphia and elsewhere. For these United States are peopled with men, women, and financiers!—Perhaps our country friends would do as well to trust principally in their own State Banks, if in any. The chances are nothing to brag of, but by limiting one's confidence in this way, there is at least one chance more in one's favor.

The sum of it all is, be circumspect, be careful, be prudent. We trust that all will come through right, somehow. Yet we are strongly tempted to wish a wish, which we only refrain from doing in remembrance of the cruel consequences that would accrue to well-meaning or innocent people, if it were granted. This imp's whisper was, that there might be a season of commercial disaster such as this country has never known. Such an event, with all its evil, might perhaps stun into sobriety a legion of people who are drunk with avarice, and who, while they run a muck of desperate speculation, stock-jobbing, trading on credit, and other insanities, not only cripple and destroy each other's interests, but bring the most serious dismay, disaster and ruin on the interests of millions, and turn the blessings of society into curses. From these unhappy Ishmaelites of commerce, good Lord, deliver us!

THE HUMORS OF CRITICISM.

A subtly-quizzical smile lurks in the grave features of an article which once looked out at us from the trim columns of our neighbor, *The Press*, and which is now going the rounds. The article (dropping the trope) gives an account of a recent theory, alleged to be the work of a literary Englishman, attributing Milton's "Paradise Lost" to the head and hand of Oliver Cromwell, which is summarily dismissed from notice with a light fleer. Its drift is, we presume, to mock at Mr. H. W. Smith's theory which assigns the authorship of Shakspeare's plays to Lord Bacon, and it must be allowed that Mr. Smith's theory, as well as himself, deserves all the mockery that can be flitted at it, since it is the merest film and cobweb of an argument, and since Mr. Smith stole his idea from Miss Delia Bacon, and afterward tried to cover his theft with a very naughty fib in the *Athenæum*. Whatever he says on such a subject, is of no possible account, but Miss Bacon, who is an accomplished scholar, and the mistress of a theme to which she has given at least twelve years of her life, may have something to say in her forthcoming book which will be worth attending to. As for this grave quiz of an article, we fancy it is really nothing but a clever *canard*, as the French would call it; for, to the best of our knowledge, the Cromwellian theory has never been broached elsewhere. It will do very well for fun, but, let us in all courtesy say, its method of confutation is faulty, not impairing even the feeble force of Mr. Smith's reasonings, since we cannot rightfully make the success of one theory contingent upon the success of another, or conclude one argument to be fallacious because another has been proved so. This applies, of course, to any pre-judgment of Miss Bacon's work based on Mr. Smith's, or Mr. Jones's, or Mr. Brown's failure to sustain rash literary assumptions.

Speaking of Shakspeare recalls what our graceful Henry Tuckerman had the conscience to write of his bust at Stratford-on-Avon. Here it is:—

"The church was dressed with spruce and holly, and round the bust of Shakspeare, above his epitaph, sprigs of bay were twined. The cheerful hue of those polished leaves seemed to proclaim the eternal freshness of his memory. The authenticity of this bust is undeniable, and its expression is a blended intelligence and kindliness; intellect—high, self-possessed, and clear—and habitual benignity, were the characteristics of his face. A more serene and noble countenance, grand in its outline, and gentle in its spirit, cannot be imagined."

What a sweet and tender vein of golden prose is this, but to any one who has seen the bust, how absurd! That "the authenticity of the bust is undeniable," no one can deny; but as for all the rest—oh! dear Mr. Tuckerman, how could you! A fat, puffy face, utterly devoid of mentality, and empty of all feeling or sentiment—a round head, narrow brow, perky nose, long lip, idiot mouth, blobber cheeks, short, fat neck—the whole thing eloquent of good feeding and fussy content—that is the bust at Stratford-on-Avon! Well, there's no accounting for eyes—but everybody can see a faithful cast of the original bust here in Philadelphia, at China Hall on Chestnut street, and unless fancy clouds judgment, everybody will confess that it better represents Nicholas Bottom, than the author of "Lear" and "Hamlet."

A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.

The latest news from India is not important, and the public is engaged in reading the various comments upon the mutiny, (as the British Tory presses call it—revolution, we call it) made by our own presses. In this country, and all over the continent as well, the judgment is very generally against the British Government. The story of the infernal wrongs and cruelties committed with its complicity by the officials of the East India Company for the last century, on the unfortunate Hindus, is too well known to admit of the slightest palliation, not to say denial. We need hardly recur to the mass of evidence to this effect, flung forth in the tremendous eloquence of Edmund Burke at the impeachment of Warren Hastings, or to the repeated testimony of such men as Napier and Ellenborough; for the statements of every resident of the country, no matter of what nation, all tell the one story. Even the Daily *Dunderhead*—a journal which, like the junior Micawber, means well, but unfortunately fails to carry out its meaning in any given direction whatsoever, and which, by an unconscious trick of nature, cannot speak for simple justice, save when it smells a dollar in the vicinity of that quality—even the Daily *Dunderhead*, we say, yields scornfully to the stress of that accumulated evidence, and admits that the British subjugation of India was, primarily, brutal robbery, followed up by every atrocity of which the human mind can conceive.

And, sooth to say, the Daily *Dunderhead* is both right and wise to bend to that inevitable conclusion. For when one reads the awful record of the recent Sepoy barbarities—doubtlessly, much exaggerated, if we can trust the rebutting testimony of eye witnesses who write to the English journals—but nevertheless atrocious, even when the long, stern, brutalizing provocation, and the unleashed rage of carnage, are considered—when one reads that record, and then turns to the other tale of what the British have in time past, done in that country, the dark and bloody Sepoy page grows pale and tame in comparison with the incredible, terrific, monstrous cruelties committed with cool deliberate calculation by the civilized savages of the East India Company on Hindu men and women. We say this, knowing what we say, and are ready with the proof, which history, however, has by heart. The frantic Sepoys ravished and mutilated English women, it is true, but they never soiled their souls with the frightful crime of coldly dragging the consecrated Hindu virgins into the open courts of justice, and there publicly violating them, in the presence of their parents, and amidst the cries and groans of the horror stricken people! This, and many another revolting crime, the British did in India, in the time of the gentle Warren Hastings. For proof, see the printed evidence given in at his trial.

But the Daily *Dunderhead*, admitting all this, sees nevertheless good reason why honest Christian people should ardently desire the triumph of the British in India. For though, as the Daily *Dunderhead* allows, the original conquest was enormous robbery, maintained for at least half a century by countless murders, robberies, and myriad crimes, yet the old robbers and murderers are dead, and, having left their ill-gotten possessions to their children, it is only right and proper that those children should hold on to them! Always remembering that the robbed and murdered people being Pagans, and the robbing and murdering people being Christians, their children, who are also Christians, though, as the Daily *Dunderhead* insists, of a milder type, are thus justified in the holding on aforesaid, all for "the interests of civilization, commerce, and Christianity." On this novel and beautiful theory of morals, it follows that if a brutal English burglar breaks into the house of an infidel, slaughters him, takes his property, goes unhanged to his grave, and leaves the plunder to his son, that exemplary youth has a clear natural and legal right to it—because, don't you see, he is going to use it to convert the infidel's infidel son, build railroads and churches, and set himself up in business! Exquisite sense of justice! Admirable and enlightened humanity! But the common sense and the common-law would send the burglar's sprout to vegetate in the State Prison, as a receiver of stolen goods—wouldn't they? Oh, no! of course not! Nor restore the stolen property to the lawful heir? Why, no! Certainly not! Would you give back that valuable property to an unbelieving person identical with a people whom the Daily *Dunderhead* intelligently terms "the dark-souled worshippers of Brahma?" Preposterous idea!

Besides, argues the Daily *Dunderhead*, we must not blame the British Barnacles in India for the cruelties which they have repudiated, and which they practice no longer, but we must pray for the success of their arms, remembering that they are now engaged in "enlightening" the Hindus, and redeeming India to "civilization, commerce and Christianity." Bear in mind that the England that once trod India under her feet in bloody mire, is not the England of to-day. To confound the one with the other is "a wretched prejudice." But what if the England of to day should prove on examination to bear a strong family resemblance to the England of the day before yesterday? For here are two huge blue-books, copious reviews of which we have at hand in the bound volumes of the London *Athenæum* the Edinburgh *Review*, and the other English periodicals. They contain a mass of evidence—we quoted a sample, but a very mild sample, in our last paper—given in before the committee of a Parliamentary inquiry instituted in England about two years ago, relative to the practices of British officials in India at that time. Examining that evidence, we find that—all for "the interests of civilization, commerce, and Christianity," of course—the same kind of horrible atrocities were in process of perpetration at that date on the souls and bodies of the wretched Hindus. Things so dreadful that the blood of the reader curdles as he reads—that the mind of the reader can hardly entertain the idea that men—Englishmen—Christians—could have committed such barbarities, till he remembers what deeds are daily done even in Belgravia and St. Giles. And, be it remembered, these villainies we mention, were in active perpetration up to the very day on which the Sepoy revolt burst forth in blood and flame. For though the Parliamentary committee sitting upon the evidence, saw clearly enough that something ought to be done, the Stiltstalkings and Tite Barnacles, whom the Daily *Dunderhead* eulogizes so fervently by implication and assertion, promptly and skilfully devised How-not-to-do-it, and succeeded to admiration, helped very much, no doubt, by the reflection that the East India Company is a capital hand at rolling in a heavy revenue. So that it appears, after all, that the England of the past is the England of the present, too, and that the awful clot of avarice and cruelty which bedabbled the conduct of the British officials under Hastings, also bedabbles the conduct of those under Dalhousie. Decidedly the case looks very badly for the Daily *Dunderhead*, and we cannot but drop the pensive tear to find its premises no better than its logic.

Daily *Dunderhead* we see that you are young! Else you would never have counted anything even on the chances of the civilization and Christianization of India by a Government deaf to everything and blind to everything, but the clink and glitter of the guinea! Else you would have established your premises before you proceeded to form your conclusions! Else you would have seen that the sacred laws of justice exist as well for Hindus as for Christians, and that repentance and restitution are at once the policy and the duty of Britain towards India, and the only atonement she can make for her sin to the God of the trampled and the poor!

COTTAGE FURNITURE.—Our readers will do well to refer to Messrs. Courtney & Willit's advertisement in another column. We are informed that they sell good furniture at very low prices.

NEW MUSIC BOOK.—The attention of our readers is directed to Mr. Winner's advertisement under this caption in our business columns.

TO A VERACIOUS SPINSTER.

The Lady Flybow vows she's no deceiver,
And speaks the truth—for no one will believe her.

☞ They are fond of titles in the East. Among his many other high-sounding titles, the King of Ava has that of "Lord of Twenty four Umbrellas." This looks as if he had prepared himself for a long *reign*.

☞ The morality of that teaching, too much indulged in, may be questioned, which makes wealth the highest motive of human ambition, as much if it be obtained through a course of probity as through other means. The motive strengthens a love for the lucre, which love is said to be the root of all evil. The lives of men who have made money, are not fitting objects for youthful imitation.

STANDING on what too long we bore,
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destines. —*Longfellow.*

☞ An English paper very truly remarks:—"The Emperor of France is our very good friend and ally, but it seems to be on condition that he shall have his own way in everything."

A LUKEWARM POET. He who could not sit
And sing contented in a desert isle,
His audience, the mute trees and wandering winds,
His joy, the grace and beauty of his song,
Should never lift his voice 'mong mortal men.
—*Alex. Smith.*

☞ An Irish gentleman being taken ill of the yellow fever at Jamaica, a lady who had married in that island, indirectly hinted to him, in the presence of an Irish physician, the propriety of making a will in a country where people are so apt to die. The physician thinking his judgment called in question, tartly replied, "By the mass, madam, I wish you would tell me of a place where people do not die, and I will go and end my days there."

☞ Mr. Spurgeon the noted preacher in England, who has an audience of eleven thousand to hear him on Sunday at the Surrey Gardens, is said to be very apt at quotations. When he was informed that Mrs. Spurgeon presented him with twins, he immediately exclaimed:

"Not more than others I deserve,
But God has given me more."

☞ A felicity that costs pain, gives double content.

New Publications.

The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt, (Ticknor & Fields, Boston, T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia,) are collected in two little volumes of turquoise-tint and gold. Nothing could be more acceptable to the lovers of poetry than this choice edition. It is perhaps unnecessary to say one word in praise of Hunt, whose "Story of Rimini" has been so widely read, and whose "Jaffar," "Abou Ben Adhem" and "An Angel in the House," are "familiar in our mouths as household words." The innumerable felicities of thought and phrase which star his poems, and the graceful, genial, and humane spirit which characterize them, are now part of his public fame. It is pleasant to remember that Hunt—"kind Hunt," as Keats calls him—was not, in his youth, like many of our young authors, too fine a poet to be also a generous and manly public-spirited man. Like Beranger, and many another of "the kingly race of bards," he spoke bold "truths to mortal state," and lay in prison for it. It was not the least service he has rendered to hope and humanity. The beautiful influences of his poetry have wrought for joy and good, these many years, as they will for many years to come.

By the way, as we pass, let us ask how it is that the contemptible libel which connects Leigh Hunt with Dickens' Harold Skimpole in *Bleak House*, continues to obtain credence? No more ridiculous falsehood was ever circulated. It is only equalled by that other precious bit of "literary" gossip which makes Mr. S. C. Hall the original of Pecksniff, than which nothing could be more absurd or untrue. As for Hunt, the public record of his life, to say nothing of the amenity and humanity of his writings, ought to be sufficient to confound any such scandal. We have already seen some of the most illustrious literary men of France, and Sue is the latest instance, all spotted with calumny by the unblushing lies of such vagabonds as the fellow who called himself Eugene de Mirecourt; (we forget his real name,) but who are these men that are carrying on a similar game on a lesser scale in England? They ought to be looked after, and their counterparts in America also.

Hints on Health, by Dr. W. E. Coale, (Ticknor & Fields, Boston, for sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.,) is a valuable little work, written in a familiar style, and containing instructions for the preservation of the hair, teeth, eyes, skin, feet, hands, etc. All persons who, on the one hand, wish to preserve the minor parts of the body in health, or who, on the other hand, are desirous of maintaining or increasing their personal attractions, would better avoid all quacks and nostrums, and consult this little volume, the work of a man of science, experience and reputation. Here we have hints on ventilation, warming houses, diet, clothing, sleep, light, bathing, and also precise directions regarding the remedy for warts, corns, rashes, rheum, itch, baldness, decaying teeth, chilblains, bunions, and many other things. It is a serviceable book.

The Illustrated Family Gymnasium, By R. T. Trall, M. D., (Fowler & Wells, New York,) is a manual of wood-cuts and directions, all having reference to the application of gymnastic and vocal exercises for the cure of diseases and deformities, and the preservation of health. It is a little work well worth public attention, since it makes scientific exercise possible without expense or gymnasium. The author has the Greeks on his side, (who knew how to make strong and beautiful men and women) and the best practice of modern Europe. He quotes the wise Bacon's word to physicians and teachers—that there is "no disease among pupils that gymnastics and calisthenics cannot cure." It is a truth we need to take to heart in this country, so dosed with pathics and quack nostrums.

Nothing to Do, (Jas. French & Co., Boston,) is a clever hit in rhyme at our "beat society." Its moral blends with the moral of the story of "Miss Flora McFlimsey, of Madison Square," the lady we know who had "nothing to wear," and whose calamities have been pretty widely circulated.

Sargent's Primary Standard Speaker, (C. Desilver & Co., Phila.,) is a compilation of original and selected pieces of declamation for young pupils.

A Deep-Eyed Philosopher.—A very sedate gentleman from the rural districts, yesterday, passing through one of our warehouses on Market street, was arrested by a large number of "red head copper distill" which obstructed passage. "How many barrels of whiskey have you in store?" inquired our friend of an *attache* of the house, with an air of great interest. "Three thousand," promptly replied the interrogated. "Three thousand barrels," repeated the countryman, speaking very deliberately, "ten fights to the barrel is a low estimate—and how many fights is that?" "Thirty thousand fights," promptly replied the mathematical clerk. "Thirty thousand fights barrelled up in one house! Heavens, what a war is in prospective!" and he passed on in a very brown study.—*Nashville Banner.*

Rather an Important Exception.—A Dublin paper, in describing a human body lately discovered in an extraordinary state of preservation in a peat bog near Mullingar, says that "it appeared to be that of a strong muscular man, and exhibited no perceptible marks of violence, except that the head was severed from the neck just on a line with the root of the tongue." The exception seems a rather important one. Our Hiberuian contemporary apparently makes light of a somewhat serious mutilation in virtually stating that the deceased person had only had his head cut off!

Pretty Good Rap.—A clergyman of our acquaintance, being recently in company where several ladies were present, his wife among the number, and the recent crimes of Mrs. Cunningham becoming the subject of conversation, remarked, with a sort of roguish leer, that when a woman fell she was far worse in her select than one of the other sex. "My dear husband," replied his wife, "you will recollect that the height from which she falls is infinitely greater."—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

LETTER FROM PARIS.

Our heading this week is a little bit of a bull, our correspondent having flown across the Channel for a few days, and sent us the following entertaining account of

A VISIT TO HARLEY HOUSE.

London, Aug. 26, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The fame of the Exhibition now drawing so many picture-lovers to Manchester, having drawn your correspondent across the Channel for a fortnight's visit to the busy island as yet the object of such very dubious affection on the part of *la belle France*, I accepted, a few days since, an invitation from a friend, high in the good graces of the Queen Mother of Oude and her royal relatives, to visit that dusky potentate in the New Road. Harley House, in which the ex-royal party have established themselves, is a good, large, square dwelling, not at all specially aristocratic in appearance or size, standing in a garden, and a little thrown back from the street. A carriage drive goes round the place, policemen mount guard at the gates, and a numerous establishment of Indian servants and functionaries line the doorways and entrance. The windows of the upper rooms, occupied by the Queen and the ladies of her suite, were open, but covered with screens of gauze to keep profane eyes from gaining access to the hidden beauties to whom they gave light and air.

When our carriage entered the grounds and drove to the door, we saw that the steps were swarming with Indian servants, most of them in their native garb, but one, who seemed to be a sort of steward, or superintendent, was dressed as an English servant would be.

OUR ATTENDANTS.

The hall, and the rooms opening out of it, were literally crammed with ladies, waiting to be taken up to the majesty up stairs. The Indian servants received us with low bows, and a profusion of smiles; and no sooner were we fairly in the hall than down came two of the principal personages of the suite—one very fat, the other very wiry, but both wearing a sort of dressing-gown of silk, and shawls which no lady-visitor could look at without envy—who met us with the same profusion of bows and smiles. The fat one offered his arm to my friend, the wiry one bestowed the same Indian attention upon me, and gallantly escorted us up stairs, through crowds of Englishwomen in bonnets and hoops, and of Indians in silks and cashmeres, and left us at the door of the Presence-Chamber on the drawing-room floor, where, every Thursday afternoon, her Majesty receives the crowds of ladies whom curiosity induces to pay her a visit. We were here received by an English woman who, it seems, has been for a long time in attendance on the Queen; and who had wound herself over, outside her English garments, with an odd sort of cloak, that swathed her from head to foot; some lovely Indian fabric, very soft, with satin stripes, and of a bright yellow color. But notwithstanding the beauty of the stuff, the incongruous appearance it gave her made her look as though she might have escaped from a sick-bed contrary to the doctor's orders. This yellow bundle, whose face and hands alone were visible, took us in, and marched us past a screen put up across the door to keep profane eyes off from the queenly countenance, up through the bevy of lady visitors that filled the room, and announced us to the Queen, who was seated on a low, broad divan, placed across the window, with the fat figure of her second son on her right hand, and the tall, slender youth who styles himself "Mirza Mohammud Hamed Allie, Eldest Son and Heir Apparent of His Majesty the King of Oude," her grandson, on her left.

THE QUEEN OF OUDE.

The Queen's name and style are as follows: "Jenabi Aullah Tajara Begum, Queen-Mother of Oude;" those of her son "the General," as he is called, are "Mirza Mohammud Jowaad Allie Sekunder Hashmut Bahadoor, Next Brother to His Majesty the King of Oude;" who himself rejoices in the appellations of "Soolt an Mohammud Wajid Allie Shah, King of Oude."

The Queen held out her hand most graciously to my friend, and then to me, and caused us to sit exactly in front of her; the son, who seems to be styled "the General," and the heir-apparent, also shook hands with us with much seeming cordiality.

The Queen is a little withered old woman, with a skin like a nutmeg, very piercing and intelligent black eyes, retreating forehead, thin black hair dragged back from her forehead, and stiffened out into a sort of projecting handle behind the head, this handle being covered with some sort of silk, and the rest of the head looking as though never combed with anything but fingers. Her nose is good though rather flat, cheek-bones high, and the inside of her lower lip is as black, (probably from chewing something) as though lined with black cloth. Her majesty now resembles nothing so closely as an animated mummy, though she has probably been a handsome woman in her day. She wore a nondescript silk garment, all of one piece, covering her from her neck to her heels; this garment being bordered with alternate stripes of red and yellow silk. In her ears were queer looking ear rings, not pendant, but sticking upward behind the top of her ears; they seemed to consist of two or three pearls and an emerald, stuck upon bits of black wire. On her bare, brown arms, she wore a number of bracelets, of large pearls, rubies and emeralds; magnificent jewels, but very ill set. She seemed to have no linen about her; none at least that was visible. She was squatted, rather than seated, on the divan; one foot placed on the other knee, and her arms round her legs, thus superposed one on the other. The most undignified, ungraceful attitude imaginable.

THE ROYAL FAMILY.

The young prince has a handsome oval face, with very well-shaped features, fine black eyes, and sprouting moustaches; a very good-looking young fellow. He was attired in a sort of silk bedgown, with a small cape, the dress being bordered with a rich embroidery of pearls, which seemed to be dropping off rapidly, being sewn on with common cotton, the ends of which were sticking up in every direction, minus the pearls. A white muslin undergarment, silk trowsers, and embroidered velvet shoes with turned up toes, completed his costume, and a rubbishy crown, made of white gauze and gold lace, and topped with a bird, all much the worse for wear, surmounted his head. The uncle is mountainously fat, with heavy, sensual bad features, bad teeth and wheezing breath. Under his silk robe he wore a sort of waistcoat and drawers of knitted silk, excessively tight, and so strapped over with bands of fine white muslin as to bring the entire anatomy of his person into a state of *alto-relievo* very astounding to English beholders. He too, wore a tinsel affair on his head, like that of the young prince; a marvellously fine emerald, two-thirds the size of a pigeon's egg, hanging down over the centre of his forehead. His wife, a coarse, but not stupid-looking woman of forty, dressed much like the Queen, sat cross-legged on a chair beside her extensive spouse. Being of royal blood, she is allowed to sit in the presence of the Queen, though not upon the divan. She was chewing something or other incessantly, and listened with great sharpness, though she said nothing. The inside of her lower lip was a dark violet color, that of the Queen seemed really to have been painted black. The princess's brown foot frequently protruded beyond her silk wrapper; and I was much amused at her long straight toes, that had never been distorted by European shoemakers, and were set off with numerous rings. Her hair was arranged like that of the Queen, and her jewels were of similar costliness, and equally ill-set.

When we rose to go, the three Royal personages again shook hands with us, with great affability; and we were shown out by Yellow Bundle, who begged me to accept, "from her Majesty the Queen," three printed documents relative to their claims upon the kingship of Oude.

They were "The Oude Catechism; or answers to questions concerning Oude, its history and its wrongs," a pamphlet entitled "His Majesty the King and Royal Family of Oude, Petition presented by Sir Fitzroy Kelly, to the House of Commons, on Monday, the 25th of May, 1857;" and a "Reply to the charges against the King of Oude." The first of these is a mere tract of eight pages, in which, under twelve questions, as many hardships and wrong-doings are charged upon the East India Company and the Home Government; the second is a long affair of twenty-seven large pages, got up in parliamentary style, with a running commentary of marginal notes; the third is a native production, in very bad English, printed at Calcutta, and much more extensive, consisting of fifty-eight large pages, filled with seemingly strong refutations of the charges on which the ex-king was deposed, and apparently proving that that potentate is one of the firmest and most loyal supporters of English rule in India, and a victim to the bad faith and cupidity of the Company. It cannot be denied that these publications do seem to make out a strong case for the Oude family; I learned from my friend, the "sympathiser," that his relatives in the New Road were much discouraged by the attitude maintained towards them by the British Government, and especially distressed at the fact of the Queen being not allowed to take with her an interpreter at the interview which, after long delay, she had been permitted to have with Her Majesty just before my visit.

A TETE-A-TETE WITH ROYALTY.

A few days after the visit recorded above, I saw the young prince at an evening party at the house of the lady under whose wing I had made it. He was accompanied by one of the superior personages of his suite, who sat behind him during the evening, and by servants who waited in the landing-place outside the drawing-room, and in the hall below. He wore a sort of long cloak, with small cape, of silk and gold, bordered with gold lace; trowsers of dark silk, black cloth European boots, a vest of white silk, and a quantity of soft-looking white muslin under this vest; white kid gloves, and a crown of the same form and materials as the dirty thing he sported at the reception of his grandmamma, but fresh, and shiny with abundance of gold lace, and surmounted by a long-tailed bird in good condition. He sat on the sofa all the evening, at the right-hand end, persons presented to him by the hostess taking the other end, and talking with him as far as conversation was practicable where one party knows next to nothing of the language used. A squab, placed near this sofa, and reserved for the use of persons presented to him, made a sort of *imperium in imperio* of which the prince was the chief attraction. Seeing the place beside him vacant, I requested my friend to induct me duly into it that I might talk to him. She did so, reminding him that I had been to the Queen a day or two previously. He received me very graciously, smiling and bowing, but not rising, which none of them do. I began forthwith to question him about his impressions of Europe, and was much surprised at the sudden dryness and indifference of his manner. To all my inquiries and remarks he would merely answer a "yes," or a "no," turning his back upon me the moment he had spoken. I was much puzzled by his ungraciousness in return for my well-meant attempts to get him to talk, when it suddenly occurred to me that my friend had addressed him as "Prince" and "your Highness," and that my unthinking omission of these titles was probably the cause of his coldness and reserve. I therefore set to work to repair the omission; and beginning anew with a respectful inquiry after the health of her Majesty the Queen, I be-"princed" and be-"highnessed" him in the most liberal manner. The effect of this change was magical. The smiles and graciousness at once came back, and he listened in the most amiable manner to all my remarks, doing his best with the small amount of English at his command to reply to my queries. He has a thoroughly lazy Oriental manner and way of speaking, but is not without a certain dignity. He is a very superior person to his uncle; and is certainly not deficient in intelligence, though I could not help fancying that an expression of latent craft and cruelty was visible in his handsome features, as well as in the gross, repulsive face of his uncle, the more solid countenance of the princess, and the eager black eyes of the Queen. He told me that the ladies had seen a good deal of London in their carriage, and that he had been about in the same way seeing all the monuments, &c. He expressed great admiration of London, of the parks, buildings, opera, and music, which he said were very different from things in India, where, from his broken remarks upon social gatherings, I was left to infer that the performances of the dancing-girls are the principal source of amusement. I tried to get him to say what he thought of European life as contrasted with Indian, but do not think he understood me. He, however, admitted that travel, and international intercourse would modify Indian life and manners; but when I asked him whether it did not seem to him much more reasonable and agreeable for ladies to go to parties, and to move freely about the world as we did here, instead of being shut up in harems as in some parts of the East, he seemed excessively diverted, and turning round to his attendant, repeated what I had said, and went off into a long fit of laughter in which the attendant accompanied him. Not to be cheated of my answer, I waited till their laughing several times renewed, seemed to have subsided, and then returned to the charge, asking him whether he would think it pleasanter if all the ladies were excluded from the drawing rooms on the present occasion, and if it would not be very dull and stupid, if the party were made up of gentlemen? But I only lost my labor; the subject seemed so utterly ludicrous to him, and threw him into such uncontrollable laughter, that I could only laugh too at the oddity of his mirth, and dropped the subject. He complained much of the heat, saying that, though hotter in India, the houses were better aired, and the heat more bearable. He also showed me a superb gold watch and chain he had purchased at Dent's, showing me the name of that eminent maker with as much satisfaction as it was ever poluted out by a genuine cockney. The chain, he informed me, was made for him; and was certainly a magnificent affair. Instead of mere links, it consists of a vine-leaf and grapes, forming a thick spray half an inch long, of gold of various shades, and alike on both sides; these sprays alternate with a little rosette, or medallion, to which they attached by links. In design and workmanship this chain is extremely beautiful; in fact *unique*, quite an object of art, and must have cost an immense sum.

The recent occurrences in India, can hardly have raised the spirits of the present occupants of Harley House; they have seen enough of England to judge of the hopelessness of any attempt to subvert her rule in the East, and to feel that should the charge of complicity be proved against the King of Oude, all hope of a restoration of their dynasty will have been destroyed. QUANTUM.

Death in the Tea Pot—Profitable and Unprofitable Tea Tasting.—A New York correspondent gives the following particulars of the effect of "tea tasting" and sampling upon the constitutions of those engaged in the business:

The death of a famous tea broker in this city lately, calls to mind the curious nature of his business. I wonder if any of your readers at the West know that their fastidiousness in the choice of the herb which cheers, but not inebriates, is the cause of the establishment of a profession called "tea tasting"—which is as certain death to a man as the continued practice of opium eating? The success of the tea broker or taster depends upon the trained accuracy of his nose and palate, his experience in the wants of the American market, and a keen business tact. If he has these qualities in high cultivation, he may make $20,000 to $40,000 per annum while he lives, and die of ulceration of the lungs. He overhauls a cargo of tea, classifies it, and determines the value of each sort. In doing this, he first looks at the color of the leaf, and the general cleanliness of it. He next takes a quantity of the herb in his hand, and breathing his warm breath on it, snuffs up the fragrance. In doing this, he draws into his lungs a quantity of irritating and stimulating dust, which is by no means wholesome. Then sitting down at the table in his office, on which is a long row of little porcelain cups and a pot of hot water, he "draws" the tea and tastes the infusion. In this way he classifies the different sorts to the minutest shade, marks the different prices, and is then ready to compare his work with the invoice. The skill of these tasters is fairly marvellous, but the effect of the business on their health is, as I have said, ruinous. They grow lean, nervous and consumptive.

Coroner Connery Outdone.—The Indianapolis Journal is publishing a series of sketches of early trials and occurrences in Indiana, some of which are particularly rich. The following, entitled "Coroner Connery Outdone," is one of 'em:—

The recent mockery in the Dr. Burdell case at New York, before Coroner Connery, which filled the papers of that city and a gaping public with the morning news, for two months, and ended in smoke, brings to my recollection a case of equal magnitude in early Indiana, except that no Mrs. Cunningham nor Mr. Eckel had been suspected of spiriting away the immortal from the mortal part of the body, over which the inquest was held. A man was found dead one cold morning, with his skull broken, lying in the woods. He had been seen the night before considerably intoxicated. The body was frozen. An inquest was held before noon of the same day, before Coroner Clifford. The jury formed a hollow square—the body in the centre. Coroner Clifford—"Gentlemen of the inquest, there are three things to be considered when a man commits suicide by killing his neighbor. *First*, did he come to his death by *incidence? Second*, did he come to his death by *accidence? Third*, did he come to his death by the hands of the *incendiary?* Look at that body, gentlemen, and return your verdict." The jury counselled nearly five minutes. "We, the jury, find that the deceased came to his death by *incidence*, having put too much water in his whiskey, causing him to freeze last night."

The Last Scene of the Revolution.—The fall of Yorktown was the signal for an outburst of triumphant jubilee in America. Far different was the feeling of the British Ministry when news of the event reached the other side of the Atlantic. Lord George Germain was the first to announce it to Lord North at his office in Downing Street. "And how did he take it?" was the inquiry. "As he would have taken a ball in the breast," replied Lord George; "for he opened his arms, exclaiming wildly as he paced up and down the apartment, 'Oh, God, it is all over!'"—*Irving's Life of Washington.*

INSTINCT IN HORSES.

About a fortnight ago, says the Bristol (England) Times, a Mr. King, carrying on the business of a baker at Sibland, near Thornbury, went, in the morning of the day, to a field in which his horse had been grazing, for the purpose of getting him home, and, as he had been in the habit of doing, opened the gate and allowed the animal to proceed home by itself, but on his return shortly after he found to his dismay that it had not arrived. Mr. King immediately set about making inquiries, and found it had passed Gravesend, which is near to Sibland, and appeared to be proceeding towards Itchinton. Mr. King, being necessitated to attend to his business, dispatched a man to trace and if possible overtake the horse. The man succeeded in tracing it for some distance, and was informed it was proceeding at a gallop. Mr. King, for upwards of a week, used every means, by advertising in the Hue and Cry and otherwise, to recover his missing horse, but without avail. A few days since he received a letter from a gentleman residing at St. George, near Bristol, giving him the welcome news that the animal was safe. This gentleman owned the horse for some time, and parted with it four years since. From inquiries made, it appears that the horse proceeded by the most direct road across the country, and with its best speed arrived at his old quarters, which it had not visited for four years, in the afternoon of the day it strayed from Mr. King.

Instances of like sagacity in the horse are not uncommon. A friend of ours hired a horse in Jacksonville (Illinois) to go to the southern part of the country, a neighborhood where the horse had never been before. While there he escaped from the stable, leaped the fence, and disappeared. It was supposed he had returned to Jacksonville, where he had been stabled and used for three years. On inquiry, no trace was found of him in that direction. A rumor was brought by a traveller who knew the horse that he had been seen making his way toward the southern part of the State; he sometimes kept the public road leading toward Vandalia, and sometimes took to the trackless prairie, but always bent southward. At one place he was headed off in a lane a mile long, between two farms. He turned short, galloped north to the end of the farm, shot down the open prairie, hugging the fence all the way, and then held on his way south again. He was bound for home, the place of his colt-hood, where he had not been for several years, and guided by his instinct he traversed the State, going a route unknown to him, but unerringly reaching his old range. He was recovered there some time after his escape, when it was ascertained that he had taken almost a bee-line from his strange quarters in Morgan county to the home where he was foaled in the southern part of the State.

A gentleman from Tennessee related to us a story of a horse of his own, illustrative of this remarkable instinct in this noble animal. He purchased a horse in a portion of the State separated from his own region by mountains and rivers, and took him home by a route extending nearly a hundred and fifty miles. He placed him in a pasture lot for the night, but in the morning the horse was gone. In a few days it was ascertained that he had returned that very night to his old home, reaching there by daylight. He had taken a straight course across the country, swimming rivers and crossing the mountain. On his arrival he showed signs of great fatigue, having travelled a distance of sixty or seventy miles during the night, following unerringly the point of the compass to which he desired to go. His memory would of course have served him in retracing the route by which he had come. But, guided by the same instinct which conducts the bee, after long wandering and laden with his sweet burden, in a line mathematically straight from the last flower he ravishes to his cell, this horse, in the darkness of the night, over unknown paths, returned by the shortest course to his home.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Giving the Atlantic Cablers their Gruel.—The blunt and hearty indignation of the following paragraph—particularly of its concluding line—makes one scream with laughter. We find it in the *Ohio Farmer:*

"The breaking of the Atlantic cable was an instance of gross, unpardonable, stupendous, silly stupidity. Before the sailing of the squadron, several experiments had been made of the effect of tightening the brakes, while the vessel was in motion, and the cable being payed out; and invariably the cable snapped, as one many times its strength must have done, the momentum of the vast vessel being uncontrollable for a time. What utter madness, therefore, for the engineer to repeat this experiment in deep water, more than three hundred miles from the Irish coast, simply because he thought the cable going out too fast. Why did not the fool let it go? There were five hundred miles of it to spare. The fellow should be submerged."

An Imperial Boor.—The Florence correspondent of the London Morning Post says:—There is a story of an imperial highness waltzing thrice in the same evening with an English lady at the Court of Berlin. She naturally felt, and frankly expressed herself highly flattered by the compliment. "I did not intend it as a compliment," was the answer. "Then," said the lady, somewhat rebuffed, "your highness must be very fond of dancing." "I detest dancing," was the still unsatisfactory response. Undeterred by her ill success, our fair countrywoman still prosecuted her inquiries. "What, then, may I ask, can be your imperial highness's motive for dancing?" "Madam," was the exalted personage's reply, "I dance to perspire!"

☞ The Boston Post lately gave the following practical turn to the spiritual controversy:—"We offer a reward of five dollars a day to any rappers who will not move a table in our dining-room, but cover it with a dinner for five persons, at three P. M. each day in the week, and then quietly withdraw while our interesting family devours it. This shoving round empty tables does no good. Meat—meat is the thing."

☞ I have found by experience that they who have spent all their lives in cities, contract not only an effeminacy of habit, but of thinking.—*Goldsmith.*

☞ Mr. Dubois is so sceptical, that he won't believe even the report of a cannon.

MISFORTUNES OF AN IMPORTER.

The New York Evening Post furnishes the following as the personal experience of an importing merchant of that city, during the last days of August, which will be appreciated by many men in business, and even its perusal cannot fail to suggest prudence and economy. It is a daily history in all times of monetary stringency:

"August 18th, '57.—Refused discounts at bank. Couldn't raise money to pay duties, and obliged to warehouse a valuable importation of goods. Cashier says come again next offering day. 21st.—Went and found matters ten times worse. Saw the President, who told me I deserved to be pinched for importing so heavily, and that I needn't come there again for six weeks. Couldn't discount a dollar. Concluded to call on B. and borrow a few thousands. Found note on my desk from B. begging me to lend him some money or he would break. Tried C. Same luck. 22d.—Pitched out at another bank. Customers in, wanting to see that fresh importation. Spent three hours trying to borrow enough to pay the duties. No success. 24th.—Ohio Life and Trust Co. failed. Tried to sell paper in the street at three per cent. a month. No buyers. Fortunate remittance from the West—know the post mark—Jones is a good fellow. Draft—five thousand dollars—*on the Trust Company?* 25th.—Note on collaterals due at the bank. Couldn't get it renewed for a dollar. Made temporary loan. Stocks down 20 per cent. Best securities unsaleable at half price. 26th.—Loan called in. Begin to feel choky in the throat. No appetite. Tried to sell out my importation of dry goods at twenty per cent. loss. Nobody any money to buy. Went home sick. 27th.—Resolved never to put myself in the power of the banks again. Miserable institutions. Spent the whole day trying to borrow, and barely escaped protest. My own notes stuck in my face at three per cent. a month. Overheard broker say "You're a gone man, if you can't take your own paper at that price.' Feel very much so, but got to keep a stiff upper lip. 28th.—Four bankers failed. Times worse than 1837. Feet sore with running about to raise money. Can't collect a dollar from the country. Everybody out on the same business—all borrowers, no lenders. Desk full of bills receivable, perfectly useless. Specie line of the banks down to nine millions. Wish I'd never seen a piece of foreign dry goods. Would have been as easy as an old shoe if I had not imported. I had no business to build that new house; the old one was good enough. Ought to have been content with moderate things, and lived on half the money. Store rent too high. Obliged to spread out too much on credit to pay expenses. 29th—Neighbor failed. Bank failed. Friend called to ask if the rumor of my failure was true. Air black with foul reports. Half past two P. M., account overdrawn, and notes unpaid."

(From the N. Y. Post, 5th inst.)

A SAD PICTURE OF MORALS IN——UTAH, OF COURSE.

Complaints having been made against one Sarah Sands for keeping a disorderly house in Eleventh street, Justice Wood issued a warrant, and Captain J. W. Hartt, of the 17th precinct, with a posse of officers, last night proceeded to arrest the inmates. The house has a spacious yard, decorated with flowers, and presents a fine external appearance. It has long borne the reputation of a house of assignation of the highest order.

The captain entered with his warrant, and made a clear sweep, arresting the keeper and every person upon the premises, twenty-one in all. He was not a little surprised to find several members of the church to which he belongs, with whom he has long partaken the Sacrament, as well as others whose reputation in the community has heretofore been regarded as irreproachable among them.

The greatest consternation prevailed, when these visitors suddenly found themselves in the hands of the officers of the law. They begged and pleaded with the greatest earnestness to be allowed to escape, offering every imaginable excuse for their presence. One man declared that if he were to be exposed it would ruin his family and kill his wife, who was in feeble health, at home. But the captain was inexorable, and allowed none to escape upon any plea.

There was soon a great fluttering among certain outside parties, who, for some reason known to themselves if not to others, took extraordinary interest in the affair, and used their utmost endeavor to get the party clear. It is said that a man who figures largely in the affairs of our city, and whose voice is potent in the sacred precincts of Tammany, with one of Mayor Wood's old police captains, took an active part in the proceedings, and pleaded the cause of the most prominent of the prisoners. It is even said that they went or sent some one after Justice Wood, to open the prison doors.

However this may be, Justice Wood made his appearance about two o'clock this morning, and the three or four for whom these men are said to have especially interested themselves, were forthwith discharged, and allowed to go home to their families. Others appeared in behalf of unfortunate friends, and the Justice finally discharged all the men before going home, while the keeper and some of the girls were committed for examination.

Captain Hartt, in his return, says:—"The scene that presented itself upon entering the house almost beggard description. There were seen girls scarcely out of their teens, and men whose heads are beginning to whiten with the frost of time, imploring to be saved from exposure for their families' sake—a sad and melancholy commentary upon the morals of our city. The anguish and confusion of face exhibited by many, were sufficient to move the stoutest heart, and formed an impressive lesson of the truth of the saying, 'the way of the transgressor is hard.'"

The parties arrested all gave fictitious names. Several were known to the officers as men of wealth and high social position.

☞ Willie, in his "Sunnyside Letter," gave a remark of Irving's that is well worth remembering in landscape gardening, that a tree is only to be cut down when the picture it hides is worth more than the tree.

NIGHT SCENE IN NORWAY.

[See Engraving.]

We look this week at night in the frozen and the temperate zones. Our picture represents a scene in the wild region of Schuerhatten, Norway. The cold, full-orbed moon, large and lustrous in a dark blue sky sprinkled with glinting stars, pours a frigid glory over the glittering peaks that lift their giant masses up from the abysses of mist into the awful spaces of the Arctic midnight, and gives form and color to the rugged rocks and gleaming fields below. In what weird, unearthly splendor brood the vast shapes of the strange, illimitable solitude! No sound disturbs the dreaming hush of the luminous atmosphere, save the hoarse bay of the wolves far beneath, tracking their ravin over the illuminated snow. The pallid peaks that loom largely from the mist, the sombre, shaded, clear-cut masses of the foreground, the vast blue midnight overarching all, the cold and awful brightness of the winter moon, and the savage beasts that slink swiftly in its supernatural light on the trail of their prey,—all seem to belong to another world—a world removed from our commonplace sphere of comfort, occupation, routine, and ease—

"—a wild, wierd clime that lieth sublime
Out of Space, out of Time!"

NIGHT SCENE IN NORWAY.

AN INGENIOUS EXPEDIENT.

Scacazzone, a celebrated Italian wit, returning one day from Rome, found himself, when within a short distance of Sienna, without cash enough to purchase a dinner. But resolved not to go without one if he could avoid it, he very quietly walked into the nearest inn, and appearing quite a stranger, he demanded a room in which to dine alone. He next ordered whatever he considered most likely to prove agreeable to himself, without the least sparing his purse, as the good host believed, and eat and drank everything of the best. When he had at length finished his wine, and refreshed himself with a short nap for his journey, he rang the bell, and with a very unconcerned air, asked the waiter for his bill. This being handed to him, "Waiter," he cried, "can you tell me anything relating to the laws of this place?"

"Oh, yes, signor, I dare say;" for a waiter is never at a loss.

"For instance," continued Scacazzone, "what does a man forfeit by killing another?"

"His life, signor, certainly," said the waiter.

"But if he only wounds another badly, not mortally, what then?"

"Then," returned the waiter, "as it may happen, according to the nature of the provocation and the injury."

"And lastly," continued the guest, "if you only deal the fellow a sound box upon the ear, what do you pay for that?"

"For that," echoed the waiter, "it is here about ten livres, signor; no more."

"Then send your master to me," cried Scacazzone. "Be quick, begone!"

Upon the good host's appearance, his wily guest conducted himself in such a manner, uttering such accusations against extortion, such threats, and such vile aspersions upon his host's house, that on Scacazzone purposely bringing their heads pretty close in contact, the landlord, unable longer to bear his taunts, lent him rather a severe cuff.

"I am truly obliged to you," cried the happy Scacazzone, taking him by the hand; "this is all I wanted with you—truly obliged to you, my good host, and will thank you for the change. Your bill here is eight livres, and the fine upon your assault is ten; however, if you will have the goodness to pay the difference to the waiter, as I find I shall reach the city very pleasantly before evening, it will be quite right."

ECCENTRIC CHARACTERS.

Shall I tell of the horrible old Scotch professor in mathematics, whose dreams were of right angled triangles, and who nightly thrashed his second wife because she could not master Greek? How he hammered it into her head with—"Alpha, woman! I tell ye the first Mrs. M. spoke Greek divinely!" How, fusty and ancient in his ideas, he looked upon all modern literature and wit as foolish and insipid, quoting Socrates, and nobody knows who not besides, in support of his opinion? How he loved to set down a punster by saying—"Call that a poon, sir? I tell you what was a poon. When Alcibiades asked Socrates whether it was true that a raven would live a hundred and forty years, the latter told him that he had better keep one and try! Ha! now, sir, that's a poon, sir!—that's a real poon!" Shall I further dilate upon how when a boy asked him innocently why it happened that so little mention was made in Scripture of so important a character as Pontius Pilate, the doctor gravely replied—"Puntius Pilate, sir, was a young dandy in the streets of Rum (Rome), sir. He lived, sir, at 147 Tiber street, Rum, sir. He was a wild young man, sir, till his friend Agoostos tuk him by the hand, sir, and appointed him governor of Jerusalem!" Shall I further tell how he hated all females to intrude upon his studies, and invariably told us boys to "take that woman away" when a little girl, only three years old, came playing into the room? Lastly, shall I tell how, so sure as quarter-day came, the learned doctor sallied forth for the receipt of some mysterious income or pension, one-half of which was forthwith expended in certain strong dilutions that sent him reeling home, whilst the other was laid out upon tables, for which he had an extravagant mania, and which never could be got into his house, excepting through the windows? Or how, on such occasions, brought up by some ditch, the doctor would lie and contemplate the stars, until some wary policeman, expostulating upon the lateness of the hour, received for reply—"Get away, man, or I'll kick ye to my fut! Don't ye see that I'm taking the angle of yonder star?"

All these are stitched together and bound up with my recollections of good but eccentric Dr. M.—now, alas, many years gathered to his fathers.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

☞ Old Sir James Herring was remonstrated with for not rising earlier: "I can make up my mind to it," said he, "but cannot make up my body."

AN INVOCATION.

BY ANNIE CHAMBERS BRADFORD.

Beneath the tulip tree,
Oh, Spirit I adore!
Come, while the evening shadows hide
The clouds on yonder shore;
Above the waters dim,
Night, like a dark bird, broods,
And like a mourner, the low wind
Sobs in the lonely woods.

From human love, my soul
In silent sorrow turns;
And while Antares, through the trees
Like a red watch-fire burns,
With lifted face, I cry
Beneath the tulip tree,
Oh, Spirit of the Beautiful,
Vouchsafe to dwell with me.

Love's flowers are very sweet,
But blossom to decay;
Love's singing birds are gay and bright,
But mocking birds are they;
Twine with thy spirit hands,
Immortelles for my head,
And sing thy deathless spirit songs
Around my midnight bed.

Bend low thy blessed eyes!
They have no human ray
To mock me with the treacherous light
That kindles to betray—
Oh! fold thy pinions white
Around my weary heart,
And say, though human love forsake
You never will depart.

Teach me the sacred love
That whispers in the trees,
That writes within the lily's cup
Its strange, deep mysteries;
Lift to my thirsting lips
The cup of Thought divine!
Its pure cool draught is sweeter far
Than all Love's sparkling wine.

Oh, rare and radiant guest!
Oh, Spirit, I adore!
While sombre evening shadows hide
The clouds on yonder shore,
With lifted face I cry
Beneath the tulip tree,
Oh, Spirit of the Beautiful
Forever dwell with me!

Well Said, Charles Lamb!—Pat was the allusion made by Charles Lamb when reproached for attending a certain wedding, to give away the bride, in his customary suit of sables. One of "the handsome Miss T——s" told him this was a solecism. "She was pleased to say that she had never seen a gentleman before me give away a bride, in black. Now black," continues Elia, "has been my ordinary apparel so long—indeed, I take it to be the proper costume for an author—the stage sanctions it—that to have appeared in some lighter color would have raised more mirth at my expense than the anomaly had created censure. But I could perceive that the bride's mother, and some elderly ladies present, (God bless them!) would have been well content, if I had come in any other color than that. But I got over the omen by a lucky apologue, which I remembered out of Pilpay, or some Indian author, of all the birds being invited to the linnet's wedding, at which, when all the rest came in their gayest feathers, the raven alone apologised for his cloak because 'he had no other.' This tolerably reconciled the elders."

Charlotte Bronte's "Majestical High Scorn."—I know that if women wish to escape the stigma of husband seeking, they must act and look like marble or clay—cold, expressionless, bloodless: for every appearance of feeling, of joy, sorrow, friendliness, antipathy, admiration, disgust, are alike construed by the world into the attempt to hook a husband. Never mind! well-meaning women have their own consciences to comfort them after all. Do not therefore, be too much afraid of showing yourself as you are, affectionate and good-hearted; do not too harshly repress sentiments and feelings excellent in themselves because you fear that some puppy may fancy that you are letting them come out to fascinate him; do not condemn yourself to live only by halves, because if you showed too much animation some pragmatical thing in breeches might take it into his pate to imagine that you designed to dedicate your life to his inanity.—*Jane Eyre.*

HOW TO DEAL WITH THE PLAGUE OF MICE.

A good trap? That soon ceases to be of much effect. Cats? They are a nuisance in themselves, unless where trained as pets. Poison? That is dangerous. Listen a minute, and I will tell you of a plan of a very simple nature, which experience teaches me is efficient. On entering the house the writer now occupies—a rather old one, as it was built in the reign of James II.—the floors and shelves exhibited the usual proofs to eye and nose that they were a haunt of large numbers of mice. It seemed hopeless to trust to the ordinary remedies. Thinking over what else could be done I bethought me that, if it could be made not worth their while to remain, the mice would be sensible enough to desert the house for better quarters. It was resolved, therefore, to act upon the principle, that prevention is better than cure. The reader must excuse a somewhat minute detail on a domestic subject of no small importance. We chanced to have a thoroughly cleanly and rather reasonable cook at the time, who, though fond enough of her own way in most other things, did me the favor to let me have mine in this affair, and to carry out my plan with the greatest strictness and fidelity. On that very evening, after the last meal at night, every crumb of bread was carefully swept from the table, dresser, and kitchen floor, and the sink was carefully sluiced and cleansed from all culinary debris. The sweepings were thrown, not into the dirt-heap, but into the kitchen fire, so as to insure their perfect destruction. This was done regularly every night; and of course the mice soon found out there was nothing for them to eat, excepting a trifling morsel of cheese in a common trap, by which a few were caught. In about a fortnight, one weakly mouse was caught by the hand; but from that time to the present—about a year and a half—not a trace of a mouse has been visible, though they have been heard running behind the wainscoting in some parts of the house. No trouble has been taken to stop up the mouse-holes, which remain as at first; not a single cat has been known to enter the house, and no dog has been kept. It is evident that what is carelessly left on the floors, &c., of meal rooms, constitutes the chief support of mice; and if the trouble were taken to deprive them of this they would soon be so far reduced in numbers as to be rarely seen or heard. Every occupant of a house might, at all events, in this way compel the mice to migrate to less cleanly and less pains-taking neighbors; and if the custom of removing every particle of food from the floor every evening were established in all houses, as it very easily might be, the propagation of these troublesome little animals would nearly cease in large towns; at all events, those which did exist would confine themselves to their proper habitats, the drains and sewers. An unlooked-for additional benefit, moreover, of a similar kind, was the result of this practice, which may possibly be mentioned on another occasion.—*Chambers's Journal.*

A Finely Elaborated Thought.—Consider the growth of opinion in any one man's mind; how crudely the opinion is formed at first in his thought; how he is affected by discussion with friends, by controversy with sincere opponents, by some remote analogy in present life, or in the past history; how strange to say, when his mind has apparently been disengaged from the subject, he finds, all of a sudden, great growth or change of opinion has been going on in him, so that it seems as if he had been thinking while he had been sleeping. Then, if the mind of this man is of deep and fertile soil, how all the beautiful influences of literature, of natural scenery, of science and of art, enlarge and modify the growing opinion, hardly now to be called by so small a name as an opinion, but a cause; how this thought is modified by chance remarks from his fellows, which were not meant to influence him—those remarks which tell so much upon most of us, because the moral we draw from them is all our own.—*Helps' Spanish Conquest.*

POETICAL PATCHWORK.

[The Portland Transcript's gay sprite—Miss—contributes the following oento, which is the best we have ever seen, since it has sentiment and connection:]—

I only know she came and went — *Lowell.*
Like troutlets in a pool, — *Hood.*
She was a phantom of delight, — *Wordsworth.*
And I was like a fool! — *Eastman.*

"One kiss, dear maid," I said, and sighed, — *Coleridge.*
"Out of those lips unsworn!" — *Longfellow.*
She shook her ringlets round her head, — *Stoddard.*
And laughed in merry scorn. — *Tennyson.*

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, — *Tennyson.*
You hear them, oh, my heart? — *Alice Cary.*
'Tis twelve at night by the castle clock, — *Coleridge.*
Beloved, we must part! — *Alice Cary.*

"Come back, come back," she cried in grief, — *Campbell.*
"My eyes are dim with tears— — *Bayard Taylor.*
How shall I live through all the days, — *Mrs. Osgood.*
All through a hundred years?" — *T. S. Perry.*

'Twas in the prime of summer time — *Hood.*
She blest me with her hand, — *Hoyt.*
We strayed together deeply blest, — *Mrs. Edwards.*
Into the Dreaming Land. — *Cornwall.*

The laughing bridal roses blow, — *Palmore.*
To dress her dark-brown hair, — *Bayard Taylor.*
No maiden may with her compare, — *Brailsford.*
Most beautiful, most rare! — *Read.*

I clasped it on her sweet, cold hand, — *Browning.*
The precious golden link, — *Smith.*
I calmed her fears, and she was calm, — *Coleridge.*
"Drink, pretty creature, drink!" — *Wordsworth.*

And so I won my Genevieve, — *Coleridge.*
And walked in Paradise, — *Hervey.*
The fairest thing that ever grew — *Wordsworth.*
Atween me and the skies. — *Tennyson.*

Here's a Picture for You.—A Bohemian Inn.—On one side was a stove, on the other a bar, from which bread, smoked sausages, and schnapps were served; but beer was fetched directly from the cellar, coolness being indispensable in that beverage. The host was thrifty, and kept his four daughters busy in waiting on customers. The eldest presided at the stove, and the other three went continually to and fro, refilling the tankards of beer-drinkers, or dealing out delicacies from the bar. Comely damsels they were, dressed in purple bodices, and pink skirts that trailed on the floor in all the amplitude prescribed by the milliners at Paris. I could not fail to be struck by the frequency of their visits to the cellar to supply the demands of about twenty men, who, seated at one of the tables, appeared to have been making a day of it. Tankard after tankard was swallowed with marvellous rapidity, and still the cry was "more." For the first time, in my few trips to the Continent, I saw drunkards, and these were not the only sots that came before me during the present journey; all, however, within Bohemia. Casual customers would now and then drop in, call for beer, drink a small quantity, and leave the tankard standing on the table and go away for half-an-hour, then return, take another gulp, and so on. One of the tables was covered by these drink-and-come-again tankards, and though all alike in appearance, I noticed that every man knew his own again. Among these bibbers by instalments the landlord was conspicuous, for he took a gulp from his tankard every five minutes, and never left it a moment empty.—*July Holidays in Bohemia.*

The Men With Masks.—Modern statesmen do not sufficiently understand the Oriental character. That character, like the beauties of the harem, is ever veiled in public. It is only when a spot is reached where no jealous eyes can possibly observe the disclosure that a Persian or Indian will really show himself as he is. Outwardly, all is submission—absolute acquiescence. The old story of the Indian culprit and the judge is ludicrous but true:—"How say you, prisoner—guilty or not guilty of this murder?' Answer, "Your Honor's pleasure is absolute—your slave is whichever your Highness condescends to wish." With such a people extreme caution is the only principle of action. Otherwise, while all appears quiet approval the most determined, resistance may be meditated.—*Athenæum.*

AN INCIDENT OF BERANGER'S CHILDHOOD.

Little Beranger was sent for safety to an aunt, who kept an inn at Peronne, in Picardy. This relation was a kind-hearted woman, but a devotee to the backbone. In her opinion, the first and sole duty of Man—Man happening to be under the age of ten years—was to say catechisms. Beranger didn't like catechisms. On the whole, he preferred barricades. It is to be feared that his employer, the old tailor, like all tailors, old and young—including (if we may be permitted the Hibernicism) shoemakers—was an arrant Radical and Voltairian, and, most likely, imbued the youth's mind with disrespectful opinions towards existing authorities. It is certain that (catechisms apart) the young Beranger could not be brought to a right way of thinking on the subject of holy water. Peronne was attacked by a terrible thunderstorm, from the effects of which the old *auberge* trembled to its very foundations. Pierre-Jean permitted himself to indulge in some heterodox observations on the efficacy of the repeated signs of the cross and sprinklings of holy water employed by his aunt in order to conjure away the effects of the thunder.

Suddenly the window was burst open with a terrible crash. The electric fluid struck the child, who was picked up, senseless, from the floor. He was believed to be dead; but in the course of an hour or so, reviving from his swoon, he evinced his incorrigible nature by the following question, addressed to his kind aunt, whom he saw kneeling and praying by his bedside:

"Well, and after that, pray what is the good of your holy water?"

The aunt was scandalised. Suspicions—only too well founded, as the result proved—immediately occurred to her. It was discovered that the young reprobate had not merely refused to learn his catechism, but that he had concealed in his bed-room several volumes of Voltaire (it would seem that, by some mysterious process, he had acquired the art of reading), saved from the library of his late uncle, and which the good dame, having allowed her avarice to get the better of her piety, had not found it in her heart to destroy or dispose of. The thunderbolt was accounted for. It was doubtless a judgment. The terrible penance the old lady must have incurred makes us shudder, even at this distance of years.

A Delightful Australian Vegetable.—One day, three maid-servants and I went out to bathe in the lake below Mr. Bell's house. When we came out of the water, being full of life and spirits, we ran about to dry the bathing-gowns upon our backs, chasing each other among the brushwood. Mary cautioned me against going near some bushes which she said were poisonous, but when Harriet was pursuing me, I thought only of avoiding being caught, and heedlessly jumped into a poison bush. A large leaf instantly struck me with a smart, flat stroke upon the leg, and before I could retreat, the whole limb swelled frightfully. Mary ran to look for help and found Mr. E. Bell, the assistant's son, not far off. He had his gig with him, and being aware of the necessity for prompt surgical aid, he at once took me up, just as I was, with bare head and feet, and no clothes but the bathing-gown, and drove off at full speed. Without stopping at his father's house, or at Parramatta, or anywhere else, he made a short cut, along a bad road, and never drew bridle until he reached the door of Dr. Bland's surgery, at Sydney. I was in dreadful agony. Dr. Bland cut a hole in my leg, and poured in a liquid which, I believe, was spirits of wine. It burned like fire; a quantity of blackish green fluid run out, and the swelling sunk as it flowed. He then put an issue where he had made the incision. I soon recovered, but ever since have found a peculiar insensibility to pressure or pricking in the part affected, which was a few inches above the instep. I never heard any other name for the shrub which had hurt me, excepting that of the poison-bush. The leaf was flat and wide, and the stalks had bunches which looked white, and curled something like endive.—*Autobiography of Elizabeth Davis.*

The Lady of the Woods.—The characteristic of Swedish scenery is woods of pine with glimpses of lakes under the sombre branches, and occasional sunlit glades, varied by groves of that exquisitely beautiful tree, the northern birch. The glory of Scandinavia is the birch groves. The glimmering, trembling leaves, the graceful droop of the branches, the light and shade—the tone which nature herself, in truest feeling, has impressed on the bark of their gigantic trunks, so that without sunlight there is a perpetual variety of light through their checkered arches—make unforgetable pictures in the traveller's memory.—*Brace's Norse Folk.*

Unencumbered Houses.—The inconvenience which must have been experienced by the want of numbers to the houses in the olden times in London is apparent in the laborious description of the places at which some lately imported sturgeon could be had:

"At a warehouse, the corner of Cross Lane on St. Dunstan's Hill; at the Salmon and Lobster, under the San Tavern, near the Monument on Fish Street Hill; at a shop, the corner of the Market House, over against the Bull Head Ale House, in Hungerford Market; at a shop the corner of Newport Market, lately Capt. Maddock's, where attendance will be daily given."—*Daily Courant*, Nov. 9, 1728.

Your Affectionate Butcher.—Lady Falkland in her work entitled "Chow-Chow," gives the following letter from a Bombay butcher to his dissatisfied English customer:—To Mrs. Collector —— —— Sahib, Esq.—Honored Madam—Madam's butler says that madam is much displeased with poor butcher, because mutton too much lean and tough. But sheep no grass got, where get fat? When come rain, then good mutton. I kiss your honor's pious feet. I have the honor to remain, Madam, your affectionate butcher,

Mahomed Cassim.

Effects of Ardor.—The same soldiers who drove the French from their position on the sand hills near Alexandria, on the 8th of March, 1801, under Abercrombie, when they tried to run up the following day, could scarcely reach the summit without halting, although there was no enemy to oppose them.

The Turn of Life.—Between the years of forty and sixty, a man who has properly regulated himself may be considered in the prime of life. His matured strength of constitution renders him almost impervious to the attacks of disease, and experience has given soundness to his judgment. His mind is resolute, firm and equal; all his functions are in the highest order; he assumes mastery over business; builds up a competence on the foundation he has formed in early manhood, and passes through a period of life attended by many gratifications. Having gone a year or two past sixty, he arrives at a stand-still. But athwart this is a viaduct, called "The Turn of Life," which if crossed in safety, leads to the valley of "old age," round which the river winds, and then beyond without a boat or causeway to effect its passage. The bridge is, however, constructed of fragile materials, and it depends upon how it is trodden, whether it bend or break. Gout, apoplexy, are also in the vicinity to waylay the traveller, and thrust him from the pass; but let him gird up his loins and provide himself with a fitter staff, and he may trudge in safety, with perfect composure. To quit metaphor, "The Turn of Life," is a turn either into a prolonged walk, or into the grave. The system and powers having reached their utmost expansion, now begin to either close like flowers at sunset or break down at once. One injudicious stimulant, a single fatal excitement, may force it beyond its strength, whilst a careful supply of props, and the withdrawal of all that tends to force a plant, will sustain it in beauty and vigor until night has entirely set in.—*The Science of Life, by a Physician.*

A Very Peculiar Dish.—When our party of six had seated themselves at the centre table, my attention was attracted by a *covered* dish—something unusual at a Chinese meal.—On a certain signal the cover was removed; and presently the face of the table was covered with juvenile crabs, which made their exodus from the dish with all possible rapidity.—The crablets had been thrown into a plate of vinegar just as the company sat down—such an immersion making them more brisk and lively than usual. But the sprightly sport of the infant crabs was soon checked, by each guest seizing what he could, dashing it into his mouth, crushing it between his teeth, and swallowing the whole morsel without ceremony. Determined to do as the Chinese did, I tried this novelty with one—with two. I succeeded, finding the shell soft and gelatinous, for they were tiny creatures, nor more than a day or two old. But I was compelled to give in to the third, which had resolved to take vengeance, and gave my lower lip a nip so sharp and severe as to make me relinquish my hold, and likewise desist from any further experiment of this nature.—*Milne's Life in China.*

"His Horn Shall be Exalted."—Continuing our ride to Banias, we toiled up steep rocky paths, where we found trees and shrubs very abundant, particularly on grassy table-land.—We met people travelling—women on horseback, wearing the curious horn, which is fixed on the front of the head, and fastened behind. This *tantur*, or horn, is made of tin, silver, or gold, according to the rank or wealth of the wearer. Some are a yard long, shaped like a speaking-trumpet. It rises from the forehead, and is fastened at the back of the head by a band. A large veil is thrown over it, and falls down the sides of the head and shoulders. It is usually worn only by married women, but I believe unmarried women also occasionally wear it. There are many references to this horn in the Old Testament. It was sometimes worn by men. Job says: "I have sewed sackcloth upon my skin, and defiled my horn in the dust." Job xvi. 15; and David, alluding to the righteous, says, in Psalm cxii. 9: "His horn shall be exalted with honor."—*Lady Falkland's Chow-Chow.*

Wrestling with the Carnal Man.—It would be a curious fact, could we ascertain it, how many resolutions for the amendment of bad habits, formed at the commencement of the new year, have been kept. Not many, we believe, judging from the number of our own acquaintance who have fallen away from that one day's return to virtue. Rum and tobacco appear to have the strongest hold on the affections of men. The excellent Capt. N——, of New Hampshire, now a glorified spirit, used to tell the story of his overcoming the temptation of tobacco, to which he had yielded when young. He held a captain's commission when he resolved to break from his habit. The struggle was a fearful one, "but," said he, "I put down my foot, and said I to myself,—'What! will you—the Captain of the First Company of New Hampshire Militia—be conquered by a quid of tobacco?'" and he grew stronger than tobacco. So might every one in the same way.—*Gazette.*

Make Your Children Sing.—All children can learn to sing if they commence in season. In Germany every child is taught to use his voice while young. In their schools all join in singing, as a regular exercise, as much as they attend to the study of geography; and in their churches singing is not confined to the choir, who sit apart from the others, perhaps in one corner of the house, but there is a vast tide of incense going forth to God from every heart that can give utterance to this language from the soul. In addition to the delightful influence music has upon the character, it has also a marked influence in suppressing pulmonary complaints. Dr Rush used to say that the reason why the Germans seldom die of consumption was, that they were always singing.—*Mrs. Fowler's Phrenology for Children.*

The Spectacle of a Bombardment.—The bombshells from the besiegers and the besieged are incessantly crossing each other's path in the air. They are clearly visible in the form of a black ball in the day, but in the night they appear like a fiery meteor with a blazing tail, most beautifully brilliant, ascending majestically from the mortar to a certain altitude, and gradually descending to the spot where they are destined to do their work of destruction. When a shell falls, it whirls round, burrows and excavates the earth to a considerable extent, and, bursting, makes dreadful havoc around. Some of our shells, over reaching the [illegible] are seen to fall into the river, and, bur[illegible] throw up columns of water like the sp[illegible] monsters of the deep.—*Marquis de Ch[illegible] at Yorktown.*

THE SUMMER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

An old, old man lay dying—the life-sands
Were running swiftly out—the silver thread,
Binding the immortal soul in mortal hands,
Held him with but one fibre from the dead.

His heirs were 'round him—thus he spake his will—
"My sceptre and my kingdom are for thee,
High hopes—great deeds alike of good and ill,
Much joy, all memories, entomb with me!"

Then viewless forms bore forth the white-haired dead—
And laid him with the sleeping centuries.
The elder son reigned briefly in his stead,
Then fled—unloved for his cold treacheries.

Now Spring with dashes of bright tears and smiles,
Her bounteous dower of beauty scattered wide;
Charmed into life all nature with her wiles,
Then in her freshness bowed her head and died.

And Summer bound the royal coronet
Upon her queenly brow without a tear;
Blushed in the rose-hearts—feasts of honey set,
And called the bees to banquet far and near.

Drew out the grass-blades to a waving length—
Hained down fruit-blossoms, white as new-born snow—
Infused into the wheat a pliant strength,
Making the seed-cells tall and bearded grow.

Moulded the grape's green globes—small worlds of wine,
And gave her chiefest hours to light and heat,
Her chiefest glory to the white moonshine,
To each her soul—that each might be complete.

The sun had glazed the wheat's tall stalks with gold;
The reaper toiled, and it was garnered in;
The meadows shorn of drapery—unrolled
For flock and herds their breadths of level green.

A voice came in the solemn hush of night,
Not from the tongue of nature—but the twain
Dead monarchs sent it forth with monarch's might,
"The autumn waits thy death that she may reign!"

And softly past the bounds of time she went;
We may not know what tides of joy or grief
Ebbed from the shore, to follow and lament
That here had been a stay so brightly brief.

We may not know if the great ocean-heart
Was struck with chill to hear that summons come.
We know the sky rent its blue folds apart
To weep, because from grief its voice was dumb.

We know the flowers in pleading offering swung
Their tiny perfumed censers to the sky;
And that the streams with wailing echoes rang
From Naiad harps a mournful sympathy.

Autumn will lance the oak's strong heart—its veins
Will bleed their royal blood away in fire,
And she will scorch to brown with frosts the plains,
Will burn the maple as a funeral pyre.

Will cut the nuts and fruits to hear them fall
Like footsteps 'mong the withered rustling leaves
And nature's children sorrow, one and all;
A loving nation for their sovereign grieves.

Had Summer only borne her summer-sire,
Her bloom and brightness from earth, sea and sky,
We might not mourn—but oh! she holds a world
Of endless good, fast in Eternity!

CLARA DOTY.

NIGHT SCENE IN CHINA.

In vivid contrast to the solemn wonders of the Arctic midnight, is this night scene in a temperate zone. Here we have "mellow moons and happy skies." Golden glories flow softly from the the pearl and purple sky, with its fairy films and floating shapes of cloud—black shadows melt away in the tranquil water to shades of softer darkness. A tender, halcyon haze envelops all. The boats lie dreaming or drifting on the placid river, and the heavy sails of the junks languidly swell to the light wind. "Little man, the lord of all," arrayed in the quaint garb of the Flowery Land, lolls idly in his boat, or wends with pious gravity to the pagoda, which rises with soft distinctness from its surrounding walls and trees against the night sky, and darkens the tides with its pendulous shadows.

THE AMPHLETT LOVE-MATCH.

CHAPTER I.

A REGULAR TURN.

"Forgiveness, Arthur? You surely need not ask for that!" said the lady, with a cold smile. "You were of age, and free to choose as you would; and, if by that choice you have disappointed my hopes and frustrated my intentions, it is scarcely a matter for which to ask my forgiveness—my recognition, if you will; and that I have granted."

"I wish you would say that in a more cordial tone, mother," said Arthur, earnestly; "in spite of your kind words my heart feels chilled and heavy."

"Do you re-assure your husband, then, since his mother's words have no longer any power over him," said Mrs. Amphlett, still with the same strange, hard smile on her face, turning to a pretty, young girl who stood timidly in the background, and taking her stiffly by the hand.

"It is only his love for you that makes him doubtful," stammered the girl, looking appealingly to her husband.

"I asked you to combat the effect—not to explain to me the cause," replied Mrs. Amphlett. "I am afraid you do not understand very quickly. You are embarrassed, and want self-possession, I see; you blush, too, and lose your grace of outline in the awkward angularity of confession. We shall have some training to go through, before you will be fit for the drawing-rooms of my friends and your husband's associates.

She laughed;—a low, forced, contemptuous laugh, that completed poor Geraldine's dismay. Turning to her husband she retreated into his arms; and, burying her face in his bosom, exclaimed piteously:

"Oh, Arthur! take me away—take me away!" then burst into tears.

Mrs. Amphlett quietly rang the bell.

"A glass of cold water, Jones; and ask Gryce for the sal-volatile, which is in my room," she said, when the man entered. "This young lady is hysterical."

The lady's tone and manner of unutterable contempt roused Geraldine from her weakness more than cold water or sal volatile. She felt, too, Arthur's heart throb under her hand; and though he passed his arm round her and pressed her kindly to him, as if mutely assuring her of his protection, she feared she had annoyed more because she felt she had been silly, than because she showed displeasure.

"No, never mind now," she said, trying to laugh, and shaking back the bright, brown hair which had fallen in disorder over her face.—"I am quite well now—it is nothing—I am very sorry," she added, with a running accompaniment of small sobs.

"Are you often hysterical?" asked Mrs. Amphlett, her light hazel eyes fixed steely on her. "It must be very inconvenient to you, I should think, and scarcely befitting Mrs. Arthur Amphlett. You may take it away again, Jones," she said to the footman, who bustled in with the cold water and a small phial on a silver stand; "or—no, stay—you had better leave them. You may be attacked again," she added, to Geraldine.

"I assure you, mother, I never before saw my wife so nervous," exclaimed Arthur. "In general, she is both brave and cheerful. I never knew her so shaken."

"Indeed? It is unfortunate then, that she should have selected me, and our first interview, for the display of a weakness which some, I believe, call interesting; but which to me is puerile; which, in fact, I regard as temporary insanity. Come!" she added, arranging herself in her easy-chair, and speaking with a little less pitiless deliberation; "we have now got through the first meeting; which, as you were the delinquents, I presume, you dreaded more than I. Understand, then, that I overlook all the personal disrespect there has been in your secret marriage, Arthur: all the disappointment, and wounded pride I have had in your marrying so far beneath you. I am a woman of plain words, Geraldine. Your name is Geraldine, is it not? I thought you started and looked surprised when I called you so. No matter!—and I invite you both to remain with me as long as it suits you to make Thornivale your home. Now let the subject be dropped. Gryce will show you to your room, young lady, if you ring the bell twice; and, I dare say, in time, we shall become tolerably well acquainted."

"Arthur! dear Arthur! what will become of me if your mother does not soften towards me!" cried poor Geraldine, when she was alone with her husband.

"Be patient, love, for a few days," said Arthur, soothingly. "She has had much sorrow in her life, and that has made her harder than she was by nature. But I cannot believe she will be always so strange as she is to-day. I cannot believe but that my Geraldine's sweetness and goodness will soften her, and lead her to love and value one who cannot be known without being loved."

"Oh, Arthur, I never prized your dear words so much as to-day," exclaimed the young wife, with a look and gesture of most touching devotion. "While you love me, and believe in me, and are not ashamed of me, all the world might scorn me—I should still be proud and blessed."

"All the world shall honor you," said Arthur, laughing. "But, come, bathe those great, blue eyes, and draw a veil between their love and the outside world. Meet my mother with as much composure and ease, and with as little show of feeling as you can. Remember, she respects strength more than she sympathizes with feeling. She would honor a victorious foe—however vile—more than she would pity a prostrate one, however virtuous. Strength, will, self-assertion she respects, even when in direct opposition to herself: timidity, obedience, and excitability she simply despises and tramples under foot. Don't be afraid of her. Assert yourself and all will come right. Is not your husband to support you?"

"Arthur! I wish you would give me something terrible to do for you! I feel as if I could go through the fiercest, wildest martyrdom for you and your love. I could die for you——"

"But you dare not oppose my mother? Is that it? Darling! you shall live for and with me; and that is better than dying. Ah! I wonder if you will say such words after we have been married as many years as now days. Let me see—how many? Twenty-six. We are almost at the end of our honeymoon, Geraldine!"

CHAPTER II.

MORE HORRONIZING.

"I think Geraldine is slightly improved since she came," said Mrs. Amphlett, one morning, to her son. "She is rather less awkward and mannerless than she was."

"Awkward was never the word for her," said Arthur, briskly. "She is only shy and unused to the world. She is singularly graceful, I think."

Mrs. Amphlett lifted her eyebrows.

"Think how young she is!" continued Arthur, answering his mother's look—"not quite twenty, yet—and was never in society before she came here."

"How strange it is," continued the mother, as if speaking to herself, "to see the marriages which some men make—men of intellect, wealth, education, standing—all that you imagine would refine their tastes and render them fastidious in their choice. Yet these are the very persons who so often marry beneath them. Instead of choosing the wife who could best fulfil their social requirements, they think only of pleasing the eye, which they call love—as you have done, Arthur, in choosing Geraldine in place of Miss Vaughan."

"Miss Vaughan! Why you might as well have asked me to marry a statue. A handsome girl I confess; but without a spark of life or a drop of human blood in her."

"That may be. Yet she was the right and natural wife for you. She was a woman of your own age and your own standing; formed to be the leader of her society as befits your wife; rich, well born; in short, possessing all the requisite qualifications of the future mistress of Thornivale. You disregard such patent harmony of circumstances for what?—for a good little blue eyed nobody, who cannot receive like a gentlewoman, and who steps into her carriage with the wrong foot."

"But who has goodness, love, innocence, constancy—"

"Don't be a fool, Arthur," interrupted Mrs. Amphlett. "What do you get, pray, with this excessive plasticity of nature. All very delightful, I dare say, when confined to you, and while you are by her side to influence her; but, when you are away, will not the same facility which renders her so delightful to you, place her as much under the influence of another, as she is under yours? Foolish boy! you have burdened yourself with that most intolerable burden of all—the weakness and incapacity of a life-long companion. There! don't protest, or you will make me angry. I know she is very amiable and beautiful, and charming, and good, and all that; but she has no more strength, self-reliance, common sense nor manner than a baby. And you know this as well as I. Here she is. I was just talking of you, Geraldine. Are you well to-day?" she asked suddenly.

"Yes, thank you, quite well," said Geraldine, always nervous when speaking to her mother-in-law.

"I thought not; you are black under the eyes, and your hair is dull. Will you drive with me to-day?"

"If you please," said Geraldine.

"Or ride with your husband?"

"Whichever you and Arthur like best."

"My dear young lady," said Mrs. Amphlett, with one of her stony looks, "when will you learn to have a will of your own?"

"Yes, Geraldine! I wish you would always say what you, yourself, really prefer, when you are asked," said Arthur, with a shadow of testiness.

"I am afraid of being selfish and inconsiderate to others," said Geraldine, hastily. "But, if you please, then, I would rather ride with Arthur."

"You know I am going to Croft to look at young Vaughan's stud," returned Arthur, still with the same accent of irritability. "How, then, can I ride with you to day?"

"Ah, see, now! what use in giving me my choice?" cried Geraldine, making a sad attempt to smile and to seem gay; tears rushing into her eyes, instead; for, the three weeks during which she had been under her lady-mother's harrow, had reduced her to a state of chronic depression.

"Would it not be more dignified if you did not cry whenever you are spoken to?" said the pitiless hawk-eyed lady.

"I am not crying," said Geraldine, boldly.

"No? What is that on your hand, if it be not a tear? Fie! you must not be untruthful, according to the common vice of the weak."

Arthur went to the window, pale with suppressed passion. For the moment he hated Geraldine. The young wife had passed a sleepless night. She was nervous and unwell. She tried to calm herself, but she felt as if something gave way within her, and sighing gently, she sank very quietly back against the pillows of the ottoman where she was sitting, in a dead swoon.

A loud knock came to the door.

"Geraldine!" exclaimed Mrs. Amphlett, "Geraldine! Why, bless my soul, Arthur, the girl has fainted!"

Before any order or aid could be given, the footman threw open the door, and a lady, all flounces, rustling silk, dignity, and statuesque beauty—Arthur's natural wife, as Mrs. Amphlett called her—Miss Vaughan, of Croft, walked leisurely forward.

Calmly surveying the fainting Geraldine through her eye-glass, the visitor turned gracefully away, saying, as Mrs. Amphlett herself had once said:

"How very inconvenient for her!"

Arthur reddened and turned pale by turns.

"Good!" said Mrs. Amphlett, to herself, with a cruel smile, "the first blow is really struck now!"

She led Miss Vaughan into the inner drawing-room, while Gryce attended on Geraldine.

"You had better leave my maid with your wife, Arthur," she said, speaking as she stood between the rooms, holding the curtain in her hand. But Arthur refused. No! he would rather attend to her himself.

"What a model husband!" said Miss Vaughan; but in a voice so calm, so sweet, so silvery and even, that no one could know whether she spoke ironically or admiringly. Arthur was in a bad humor, and disposed to see all in shadow. He took her words as a cutting satire; and Geraldine fared none the better in his heart for the belief. This was the first time, since he had known Geraldine, that a thought of unfavorable criticism had crossed his mind: the first time that he had said to himself:

"I wish I had waited."

Mrs. Amphlett had the art—no one exactly knew how—of making every person appear illogical, ridiculous, ungraceful, ill-bred; yet, not from any special amount of grace or good-breeding in herself; rather the reverse. Her manners were chiefly noticeable for their undisguised contempt, and their immovable assumption of superiority; though she was certainly a handsome woman, yet it was not of a kind to throw any other beauty into the shade. She was pale to bloodlessness, with a fierce eye and a cruel jaw. She wore her white hair braided low on her square forehead; but her thick, straight eyebrows were still black as ebony, and the light-hazel, deep-set eyes beneath them had lost none of their fire or power. The lines between her brows were deep and harsh. The centre furrow—the Amphlett cut, it was called—with the heavy brow swelling on each side, was especially forbidding. Her nose was sharp, high and handsome; her thin lips closed tightly over small and even—but discoloured—teeth; and her chin was square-cut, massive, and slightly protruding. Not, then, from grace or beauty came her special power of moral oppression; but from her cruelty. She was infinitely cruel and harsh. She said exactly what she thought, be it ever so painful; and no one ever knew her to soften her words for pity, grace or delicacy. She prided herself on her honesty, her directness, her absence of false sentiment, and her ruthless crusade against all forms of weakness. In her first interview with any one, she measured that person's power of self-assertion. If the stranger yielded to her whether from timidity or amiability, she set her foot on the stranger's neck and kept it there. If opposed, she hated, but still respected her opponent. The only thing in the world that she respected was strength; and the only person in her neighborhood to whom she was not insolent, was Miss Vaughan. For Miss Vaughan, though of a different nature, was as dauntless and self-asserting as Mrs. Amphlett, and suffered no one to come too near her. They were co-queens, not rivals, and regarded each other's rights.

As for Geraldine, she simply despised her; honoring her with only a reflective hatred, because of her marriage with her son. Had it not been for that, she would have quietly walked over her and have trodden her out of her path. But she could not do this now; so Geraldine was promoted to the dignity of her intense hatred and ceaseless, fierce displeasure. The girl felt her position and pined under it. Hence she was losing those merely outside physical graces she had promised when she married; and which had counted for something in her husband's love. Arthur, too, was influenced by his mother's perpetual harping on Geraldine's faults. Soon he learnt to apologise for her; then to criticise her himself—not always favorably—and lastly, to feel slightly ashamed of her. His pride and manhood prevented his falling very low there; but a great peril lay before him; none the less perilous because not confessed.

In the midst of all these dangerous beginnings Arthur was called away on business, cunningly provided for him, and Geraldine was left to the care of her mother-in-law. The heavy gates had scarcely swung back for her son to pass out, when Mrs. Amphlett sat down to write a letter to Cousin Hal—the scapegrace of the family—the handsomest life-guardsman and, by repute, the most successful lady-killer of his generation.

CHAPTER III.

A BEAUTIFUL PLOT.

Geraldine, who had been piteously terrified at the prospect of keeping house alone with her Gorgonic mother, was surprised to find how suddenly the old lady changed. She laid aside her harsh and insolent manner, was kind, considerate, gentle—ceased to find fault—nay, was almost flattering; and Geraldine, who was as loving as she was timid, soon became quite playful and filial, and thought, perhaps, after all she had been to blame, or had been only fanciful. They had passed a few happy days thus—happy days, in spite of the strange desolation which her husband's first absence makes for the young wife—when a carriage drove up, and out dashed a fine, handsome, young fellow, all bright blue eyes, moustache, white teeth, military swagger and merriment; who kissed Mrs. Amphlett as if he liked to kiss her, and seemed at home in the house, and master of every one in it, before he had fairly crossed the threshold. This was Cousin Hal.

Never was there such a delightful companion as Cousin Hal! Full of fun and anecdote; always lively; the most good-natured person in the world; possessing the largest amount of chivalry to women of which modern manners are capable; respectful while familiar, and his familiarity itself so affectionate and manly, that no one was ever known to quarrel with him, and many were found to love him—in fact it was his speciality, and the motive of his many triumphal poems. All these characteristics made him a dangerously delightful companion for most young ladies. But Hal, though a scapegrace, had his heart in the right place; and, fond as he was of mischief, had no love for evil, nor for vice.

At first Geraldine was shy toward him, intending to be matron-like and dignified; but Cousin Hal laughed all that out of her; and, in an incredibly short time established himself on the most comfortable footing imaginable; Aunt Amphley, as he called her, giving the pretty young wife into his care in the oddest way possible; especially odd in her, one of the strictest known dragons of propriety extant. For instance, Geraldine demurred at riding alone with him—"Would Arthur like it?" And Mrs. Amphlett answered, "Who is the best judge of propriety, you or I? And if I say that you may ride with your cousin, is it fitting in you to virtually tell me that I am an insecure guide to you, and that my habits and views are improper for you to adopt?"

Geraldine wrote daily to her husband. She had very little to write about, excepting her love for him, and how pleasant Cousin Hal made gloomy old Thornivale; and, naturally, Cousin Hal came in for a large share of the canvas. He was the only fact in the present; and facts take wide dimension. Now, between Arthur and Cousin Hal there had always been, since their very boyhood, a distinct and decided enmity. Not explosive nor exploded; but none the less fierce because subdued and smouldering. He called Arthur surly; Arthur called him frivolous; he said Arthur should have been a priest; Arthur said that he should have been an actor, if not a Merry Andrew. So Arthur was furious when he heard of his being at Thornivale. He wondered at his mother, abused Hal, called Geraldine silly; and then he thought of what his mother had once said about the girl's facility of obedience and impressibility, and he was doubly jealous. In which amiable frame of mind he received a letter from his mother. After some business preliminaries the letter said:

"It is quite pleasant to see Geraldine and Henry; they play together as if they were still children in the nursery. Geraldine has grown so pretty, and is all life and vivacity; she is quite a different person to the lachrymose, nervous, depressed school-girl she was when you were here. I fear you kept her down too much; Henry, on the contrary, encourages her. He is charmed by her frankness and playfulness, she with his good temper and affectionate ways. And certainly he is a very charming fellow, though I cannot go to Geraldine's extent of enthusiasm, when she said last night that she wished you were more like him. To me, every one's individuality is sacred, and I would have no moral patchwork if I could. Miss Vaughan vexes me that she dislikes Henry so much.—She spoke quite sternly to your wife last evening about her evident partiality, which Geraldine calls 'cousinship;' but Miss Vaughan crushed her with one of her lofty looks, and little Geraldine ran off to Henry—Cousin Hal, as she calls him—for shelter and protection."

Arthur read no more. He crushed the letter in his hand, and, covering his face, groaned. Neither that day nor the next, nor the next again, did he write to his wondering wife. Hitherto he had written every day, according to the fashion of husband-lovers; but now, too suspicious to write naturally, too proud to betray his suspicions, he chose not to write at all, as the easiest solution of the difficulty.—Whereby he nearly broke poor Geraldine's heart, which, not reproving her, furnished her with no clue to the enigma. She was sure he was ill—he had met with some accident—he had been run over by an omnibus or by one of those immense wagons—he had been garoted—he was dying—he was dead. This was her ascending scale of horrors; at which her mother scoffed grimly, but which kind-hearted Hal tried to cheer and soothe away. On the fourth day the letter came—short, reserved, cold. It said nothing to wound, but nothing to delight the young wife. Geraldine almost wished he had not written at all; though she was glad and grateful to find he was well, and that nothing had happened to him.

She answered as if no cloud had fallen between them; noticing nothing. She told him all that she had been doing, both with and without Cousin Hal's name intermixed; among other things, how kind his mother was to her, and how agreeable Miss Vaughan could be when she was not affected and on stilts; as she was the other day, when she and his cousin rode over to Croft.

"My mother was right," said Arthur, grinding his teeth, "Geraldine has the common vice of the weak; she is not truthful. And this letter—boasting of my mother's kindness, and Miss Vaughan's cordiality, is a proof of it. I have been a fool. How could I expect a woman not of my own station to have the feelings of a thorough-bred gentle-woman, and to be delicate and faithful under the coarse lure of such a popinjay as that! How coldly she writes! She does not even allude to my long silence. Of course, there must be separation now; yes, before this very month is out it must be arranged. Three months after marriage, and to separate; what a testimony to the wisdom of love-matches! If I had that fellow here—" he continued, above his breath, taking up a table knife that lay near his untasted breakfast. Then, with a sudden impulse, he flung it savagely from him. The knife fell quiveringly in the door, and for that moment Arthur was a murderer in his heart.

Together with Geraldine's letter, lay one from Mrs. Amphlett, as yet unopened. He broke the seal almost mechanically, but drank in every word with thirsty passion, as soon as he set in fairly to the reading:

"I hope your business is progressing favorably, and that those perplexing lawyers have nearly come to the end of obscuring so plain a question as this was. We shall all be glad to see you at home again, though indeed I cannot say that your wife has been silly in fretting for you, as I expected. On the contrary, she is in higher spirits than ever, and every day adds to her exuberant happiness. She made even me laugh; although, as you know, I am not much given to that exercise; but her manner for these last three days has been so irresistibly comic when speaking of your silence, that even I could not help joining in the general merriment. She is a good mimic, I find; for in the scenes which she gave—one representing you as garotted by some of those horrid men, another as run over by one of Barclay's beer wagons, another as lying with a splitting headache, calling for soda-water and ices—she really acted with wonderful spirit and character. I thought Henry would have gone into a fit with laughing; and it was really very droll. Of course I knew that you were perfectly safe, or else I should not have allowed such levity on her part; but I have given her of late very great scope, for the purpose of studying her character; and I think I have come to the end of what I wanted to know. Your judgment on Miss Vaughan, was, I fear, more correct than mine. She *is* a statue. When Geraldine was acting those scenes, as I tell you, she sat with a settled frown on her face; and at the end rose very haughtily, and lectured your wife for her levity and want of feeling. Henry took Geraldine's part; and he and Miss Vaughan spoke more truthfully than politely to each other. At the conclusion of the argument (which was more properly a wrangle,) Geraldine put her hand in Henry's, and told him to kiss it, in token of his fealty. But I thought this going rather too far, and interfered. I desire you not to take any notice of what I have said. There is nothing reprehensible in your wife's conduct, and only Miss Vaughan's excessive prudery would have found cause of blame in it. If *I* do not, you need not be alarmed."

But this last paragraph destroyed Mrs. Amphlett's whole web. She forgot that, by giving a tangible shape to the suspicions she wished only to insinuate, she put the game out of her own hands. That very night Arthur left London, his business yet unfinished, and his lawyers busy in still further entangling a very plain case.

CHAPTER IV.

GERALDINE ROUSED.

The next morning, while the Thornivale party were quietly seated at breakfast, Arthur strode into the room like some melo dramatic tyrant: pale, haggard, dark-browed, and angry. Geraldine, with a glad cry—too glad to notice her husband's looks—flung herself into her husband's arms. Henry rose, half-perplexed and half-amused; he saw by Arthur's lowering brow that a storm was brooding, and—man of the world like—guessed the cause, instinctively. Mrs. Amphlett, for the first time in her life, felt baffled. She had counted on Arthur's reserve, and in Geraldine's timidity, not to come to an explanation together.

After a sulky breakfast, Arthur told Geraldine to accompany him into the park. He did not ask her—he commanded her; much as if she had been a slave or a child.

"Let me speak to you first, Arthur," said Mrs. Amphlett, trying to be authoritative.

"No," replied Arthur, sternly; "my business is with my wife."

"And your cousin too, I suspect," muttered Cousin Hal to himself.

Arthur and his wife paced down the broad walk leading to the beech avenue. He put aside the little hand that sought to clasp his silently and moodily. Reaching a garden-chair he motioned her to seat herself, while he placed himself by her side. He was agitated; and, though resolved to finish all to-day, did not well know how to begin. She looked so lovely, and he was but a young husband, and this their first meeting after some three weeks of separation. She had been so unfeignedly glad to see him, too, and that did not look like coolness: nor had Cousin Hal looked annoyed or guilty; and, though he had watched them—looking for evil—he had not seen a glance pass between them that wore the shadow of undue intelligence: they seemed good friends, as was natural, but there was nothing more; so that he felt at a loss now; for his grievances had vanished marvellously.

Geraldine was the first to speak.

"Something is wrong with you, Arthur?" she said quickly, but trembling.

"Yes, Geraldine—very wrong."

"With me?" and her hand stole softly up to his face.

"Yes, with you—only with you."

"Why do you not look at me when you say so?" she said, creeping closer to him.

He turned his eyes upon her. Her eyes were so full of love, her whole manner and attitude so eloquent of child-like devotedness, that his heart overflowed and overwhelmed all his jealous fancies, like feverish dreams drowned in the morning sunlight. He took her hands

in both of his, and looked fixedly and lovingly, but sadly, into her eyes.

"So beautiful and so false!" he said, half aloud. "Can she be really faithless with eyes so full of love and innocence? And, yet—has my mother lied to me?"

"Why do you speak so low, Arthur? I cannot hear you. Tell me frankly, what it is that lies on your heart against me. Whatever it may be, tell me openly; and I will answer you from my very soul, as I have always answered you. I have never deceived you, Arthur; and I would not begin a career of falsehood and hypocrisy to-day."

"You must read these. I can tell you nothing more." Arthur put his mother's letters into her hands.

Geraldine read them through—all of them—and they were numerous. Her color deepened and her eyes darkened; but she read them to the end quite quietly. She gave them back to him with the same unnatural stillness: sitting for a moment in utter silence. Then she rose.

"Arthur," she said, "you must come with me to your mother. Your cousin and Miss Vaughan must be there, too."

"Nonsense, Geraldine," said Arthur, who had a constitutional horror of demonstrations; "I will have no foolish scene for the whole county to talk of. What we have to do must be done quietly, and between ourselves: alone. Henry and Miss Vaughan, indeed! I will not hear of such folly!"

"I insist!" said Geraldine, in a deep, still voice, and with heavy emphasis.

"*I* insist, Geraldine! That is strange language from you to me!"

"The occasion is strange, Arthur. Ah!" she added bitterly; "and you, too, have made that old, blind mistake! Because I am not exacting nor selfish, in my daily life; because I am naturally timid and easily depressed; you think that I could have no sense of justice to myself; no self-respect; no firmness. If you have made that mistake, you must unlearn your lesson to-day. Come! this affair must be explained at once!"

"But, Geraldine——"

"Are you in league with your mother to defame me?" said Geraldine, her lips quivering and her eyes almost flashing. Arthur put away the hand which she had laid on his arm; and, without uttering another word, strode gloomily by her side into the house.

At the hall door they encountered Miss Vaughan. Geraldine knew that she was coming early to ride with her and Cousin Hal to the Dripping Well; so that there was nothing remarkable in her arrival at this moment; nor in Cousin Hal's standing there at the door, assisting her to dismount.

"You are not ready, I see," said Miss Vaughan, as Geraldine came up. "Ah! Mr. Amphlett! When did you come?"

"This morning," said Arthur, in his sulkiest tone.

Miss Vaughan was struck by his unusual tone and manner, and put up her eye-glass; looking from him to Geraldine, in that most graceful, affected, and imperturbable way of hers, which would have made an excitable person angry.

"Some family business on hand, I see," she then said. "I am in the way."

"No, if you please, Miss Vaughan," said Geraldine, quickly. "You are necessary here; you also, Cousin Henry."

Miss Vaughan made an almost imperceptible movement with her eyebrows, and slightly bowed. Cousin Hal flung back his head, smoothed his moustache, showed his white teeth, and laughed out "very happy;" but not in quite so confident and merry a voice as usual. Then they all passed through the hall into the library, where Mrs. Amphlett usually sat in the morning. She knew what was coming as soon as they entered in such a strange phalanx. She was pale, and her face looked harder and sterner than ever, with even more than the old fire of secret passion in her fierce eyes. But, for the first time, Geraldine did not quail before them. Mrs. Amphlett felt that the sceptre of her power was falling from her hand.

"What is all this, young lady?" she asked, as Geraldine came near to the table, in advance of the rest. "What is the meaning of the ridiculous air you have assumed this morning? Can *you* explain this comedy?" she said, turning to Miss Vaughan.

"No, 'faith!" replied that lady, gathering up her riding-skirt, and seating herself with singular grace on the sofa, flirting open her little French eye-glass, and watching the party as steadily as if she were the audience and they actors on the stage.

"It means," began Geraldine, her voice slightly trembling, but from agitation, not timidity; "that you have written to my husband letters concerning me, which it is due to myself to demand—demand—" she repeated, "an explanation of, before those whom you have quoted as witnesses and authorities."

"Good heavens, Arthur! how can *you* suffer this low-minded young person to degrade you—a gentleman—into complicity with anything so vulgar and improper as this!" said Mrs. Amphlett, angrily. "Was there ever an underbred girl who was not always ready for a scene!" she added, as if making a reflection to herself.

"Leave the question of vulgarity alone," said Geraldine, in a new tone of her voice—one of command, "and come to that of truth. I *will* speak," she continued, silencing Mrs. Amphlett by her uplifted hand and dilating eyes; "it is my right, and I will use it."

"Upon my word, this is a natural phenomenon!" sneered Mrs. Amphlett, leaning forward, fixing her eyes on the girl, as if trying to subdue her by her look. But Geraldine was roused; and, like most timid people, was more reckless, more careless of consequences and more impossible to overbear than the naturally brave and self-assertive. Her latent power of will must have been roused indeed, when it could sweep down Mrs. Amphlett's sternest and angriest opposition.

"You wrote these letters," continued Geraldine, laying her finger on the packet; "and as you have spoken of Miss Vaughan and Cousin Henry, I wish them to give Arthur their version of the same stories. Miss Vaughan," she said, speaking in the same rapid and positive voice, "did you ever reprove me for undue familiarity with my Cousin Henry?" And she read the passage from the letter, referring to Miss Vaughan having crushed Geraldine with one of her lofty looks, because of Cousin Hal.

"Why, no," said that lady deliberately, dropping her eye-glass, and unbuttoning her gauntlet gloves; "I do not remember ever speaking to you on the subject; but I certainly did say to Mrs. Amphlett, that I thought it scarcely proper that you should ride so much with Captain Antler: and indeed, to tell the truth, it was to prevent anything unpleasant being said that I have gone so much with you of late. I thought you were ignorant of the world, and I could not understand your mother's indifference to appearances—or probabilities," she added in the same careless way as she would have spoken of a rent opera cloak or a damaged riding whip.

"Mrs. Amphlett!" cried Geraldine, turning full on her mother-in-law, "was it not you—yourself—who, when I objected to ride alone with my cousin, scolded me for my presumption in holding an opinion contrary to yours? Have you not thrown me into my cousin's way as you would into a brother's? Those were your words: you said he was to be my brother, and that I was to treat him with unreserved affection."

"I am afraid, Aunt Amphlett, that you have been playing rather a double game!" said Harry, whose good-humored, frank, manly voice came like a charm into the midst of all this tense and nervous feminine excitement. "Arthur," he added, "do you come with me: your wife can stay with Miss Vaughan. Why, bless my soul, man!" he cried, as soon as they were outside the door, "how could you be such a—ahem!—well, so weak as to believe in such obvious misrepresentations? Your wife and I have been on kindly, friendly terms enough; but, bless my heart! what's that to make a row about? When I came, I saw that she had been regularly bullied since her marriage, and I took her part in a quiet way, and paid her all the attention I could; trying simply to give her self-confidence. But, I hope indeed that I am not so bad a fellow as ever to take advantage of such a young thing's innocence and candor,—still less, to plan or plot, as the guest of a relative, for the dishonor and misery of the family. Your mother threw Geraldine (excuse me, you know my way,) under my protection entirely. I was astonished at the first; but I have not studied my aunt for all these years, not to be able to understand her now. I soon suspected that something was in the wind by her over-graciousness to me—whom she never liked—and by her flattery of Geraldine—whom I saw she hated. And I was not long in finding out the drift of it all. But she lost her game; for Geraldine had no inclination to flirt with me, nor had I the smallest intention of running away with her." He laughed, as if he had said a good thing, and ran his finger through his hair, with a pleasant kind of debonnair vanity, not at all offensive. "All that nonsense about Geraldine's acting is a perfect fabrication. She was very anxious about you when you did not write, and spoke of all sorts of fears, such as my aunt mentions, truly enough in substance; but she spoke of them in sorrow, not in jest; and Miss Vaughan's anger with her was for her folly in fretting at your silence so much. I felt for the poor little girl, and defended her, and then Miss Vaughan put me down;" and he laughed again. "Certainly she did come across the room—Geraldine, I mean—and put her hands into mine, and say, 'Thank you, Cousin Henry, for your kind championship;' but her eyes were full of tears, and her poor little heart was almost breaking about you."

"I am afraid, Henry, I have been a fool," said Arthur.

Cousin Hal looked grave, and not in the least contradictory.

CHAPTER V.

THE PLOT IS SQUELCHED.

Arthur was humiliated, but still sufficiently generous to acknowledge that he had been in error. He could not apologise, nor enter into any lengthened defence with Geraldine; that would not have been Arthur; but, meeting her in the hall, he held out his arms, and, calling her by her name, strained her tenderly to his heart, whispering:

"Will my own true wife forgive me?"

She held up her fresh face and stood on tip-toe to get nearer to him. Arthur had no need to ask again whether she loved him and forgave him.

Arthur's private interview with his mother was more violent. The passions of both were roused, and ran riot. He openly accused her of falsehood, and heaped on her reproaches the most wounding to bear; but they were merited, if harshly worded, and not befitting him to make with such unfilial passion: she, losing dignity, self-respect, and maternal feeling, retorted on him with taunts and insinuations that curdled the man's blood round his heart. Of course, Arthur must find a new home for his young wife, she said.

Unfortunately Geraldine entered the room at this climax of the discussion, from the drawing-room, the door of which was open:

"I will not leave this house, Mrs. Amphlett," she exclaimed, passionately. "Thornvale being entailed property, belongs to my husband. I am, therefore, its lawful mistress. You are my guest; I am not your guest."

"Geraldine! Geraldine!" expostulated Arthur.

"Hush!" said the young wife, imperiously. "This affair is mine, not yours. I do not expect you to defend me against your mother. I must defend myself."

With which words she turned away, and passed back into the drawing-room again.

"You are right, Geraldine," said Miss Vaughan, who had heard all that passed, and who was shaken off her stilts, and out of her starch and buckram, by the gravity of the scene. "If you leave Thornvale, your character is lost; you need never attempt to show your face in the neighborhood again."

"I will not leave Thornvale," said Geraldine, positively, and working rapidly at her embroidery, but making nothing but false stitches.

"My wife has spoken the truth, mother," said Arthur. "I would not have said so, even now; but it is the truth."

"Must I abide by it, Arthur?" sneered Mrs. Amphlett. "Must I leave Thornvale for that worthless creature you call your wife? Please yourself with the thought, my boy; for, as I live, you will have nothing *but* the thought!"

"I will have the deed, mother," said Arthur. "Remember! What I assert I generally fulfil. Understand, then, that since you cannot live with my wife in such respectability as you deem due to you, you must leave us. You shall not banish her from here. I have no more to say; I leave you to think of what I have said." Arthur strode into the drawing-room, closing the door after him.

Thus left to herself, old Mrs. Amphlett's passion swept, without check or barrier, through her soul. It was awful to witness. She strode up and down the long oaken library; her hard-drawn breathing was heard in the drawing-room, through all the massive doors and heavy curtains made to shut out louder sounds than a woman's breathing. Her face was distorted; her teeth set, and her hands clenched tightly together; while the "Amphlett cut" in her forehead was deep, and the brows knotted and swollen. She was more like a panther than a human being, as she raged and chafed in that den-like room; her passionate heart wearing itself fiercely against her fate. That she should have been baffled by such a girl as Geraldine: that her power, her very will, her plans, her words, should all have been torn and scattered to the winds by the simple, ignorant breath of one whom she persisted in believing half an idiot!

Suddenly a heavy fall was heard; Arthur and Geraldine rushed in. They found her lying speechless on the ground, in a fit—a fit produced by passion. Gradually recovering, her eyes turned on Arthur and Geraldine standing near her: Geraldine occupied in some little womanly office about her, and Arthur looking on in genuine distress. She tried to speak, but failed; though she made several attempts. At last a strange unnatural voice issued from her lips; and, with her fiery eyes still fierce if even somewhat subdued, and her stern black brows still swollen, she said, "Ah! well, you are not quite such a fool as I thought you were;" and, after a short time, adding, "I have almost a respect for you."

Mrs. Amphlett never rallied from this fit. She did not die; but she was never the same woman again, as the servants said. By force she was obliged to let her daughter reign in her stead; she living helpless and inactive in a wheeled chair. She kept up her old privilege of "truth-telling," and was to the last a fierce, cruel, passionate woman; but she treated her daughter-in-law with respect: for Geraldine had received a lesson she never forgot, and, while dutiful and thoughtful and kind and bright, she made both her husband and her mother feel that something had been fairly developed in her nature which could never fail her again. It is a doubt whether Arthur loved her as he loved her when she was more timid and submissive; but he respected her more and treated her with greater consideration. He was his mother's true son, and inherited her nature and temperament, though softened and modified. But, by virtue of his inheritance, he was disposed to tyrannise over the weak, as Geraldine would have found out when the youth of her marriage had fled, had she not changed as has been described; and she could not have changed without some such vital crisis as she had passed through. Thus, on the whole, she got on very well between the fierce old crippled woman and the moody, jealous man. Mrs. Amphlett was never weary of saying, "Bless me! I thought that girl a perfect *fool*, and she has really quite something of a character after all;" and Arthur never dared to hint a jealous thought or to give a gloomy look when Cousin Hal and his wife—once Miss Vaughan of Croft—came over to Thornvale, and when Cousin Hal made Geraldine laugh till the tears ran over her eyes, or quoted her before all the world as "the bravest and best little woman living."

THE STORY OF A HERO

NOT MENTIONED IN ANY HISTORY.

Marseilles, in France, is a city of fountains, and has a fine aqueduct, almost entirely subterranean, by which pure water is brought from the little rivers Huveaune and Juvet. But this was not always the case. Look back with me many, many years, and I will show you how ill it used to be supplied with water, and how, in the fullness of time, it came to be otherwise.

Once upon a time—I know not the exact date—there dwelt at Marseilles a man named Guyot, with his wife and one son. They were but humble people; and at the time my narrative begins, the child lay sick of a fever, his tongue cleaving to the roof of his mouth, and his little hot hand pressed to his still hotter forehead, while he ceased not to cry in a plaintive tone for a draught of water.

"Alas! my child," said Madame Guyot, in reply to his moaning, "you know I have told you already the cistern is empty. Not a drop of water have I in the house, and I fear all our neighbors are as badly off as ourselves.—See, take a draught of milk; I have nought else to give you."

"But, mother, it is not like water," replied the boy; "it makes me only the more thirsty, and almost chokes me, it seems so thick; while water is so cold, and refreshes me for a long time. But, alas! you have none to give me. If it would but rain, for I am burning! Oh, if I were rich, I would care little for the finest wines, if I had but plenty of fresh, pure, cold water!"

Madame Guyot, with true maternal love, strove to pacify the young sufferer; and having succeeded in partially relieving his cravings by means of a draught of water, which a kind neighbor, scarcely better off than herself, sent by the hand of her little daughter, he at length slept. Even in his dreams, however, the memory of his feverish longings haunted him; and his plaintive cry for water at oft-recurring intervals, brought tears to the mother's eyes; and she trod softly, dreading to awaken the boy, lest by so doing she should also awaken his desires to greater activity, when she knew that she was without the means of satisfying them.

Seven years later, and the fever-stricken boy has grown into a fine, thoughtful youth of sixteen. No longer dependent on his parents, the young Jacques Guyot cheerfully performed his part in gaining a living. One evening, after his return from work, as Madame Guyot was busily engaged in placing the evening meal on the table, she said to her son,

"Jacques, you must be content with less than your usual quantity of water to-night, for again the cistern is nearly dry."

"I am sorry for that, mother," replied Jacques; "but though we have often since been very scarce of water, at least we have never wanted it so badly as when I had the fever."

"Oh, Jacques, can you ever forget that?"

"Never, mother. No day passes, but the torture I suffered then for a draught of water comes into my mind; and I envy no man his wealth in anything save his more abundant supply of that one good gift. Is there no way of relieving this want by which the poor of Marseilles suffer so much, and so often?"

"It is just because the poor are those who suffer that they must continue to do so; wealth might remedy the evil," answered his father.

"How so?" asked Jacques.

"Easily enough. Only let an aqueduct be constructed to bring pure water from a distant river."

"And what would that cost, think you, father?"

"More money than you could count, my son," replied the elder Guyot; "so let us to our supper before it is as cold as the water you are always dreaming about."

Meal over, Jacques wandered in the garden thoughtful and silent, but not unnoticed by his parents. They conversed together in an undertone about the extraordinary manner in which his mind dwelt on the one night of suffering from thirst so long gone by.

"It is strange," said Madame Guyot, "how the lad is always thinking of it. I quite feared to tell him how little water we have left to-night, for it seems to grieve and trouble him so much; not for ourselves alone, but lest some unfortunate should have to bear sufferings like those he experienced seven years ago."

"Well," replied the father, "even that is not the chief object of his anxiety."

"Why, surely he does not fancy himself in love yet!" said Madame Guyot in an accent of alarm. "Our neighbor's daughter, Madeline, casts sheep's eyes at him, I know, young as he is; and Jacques often tells her how like a little angel she seemed to him when her mother made her the bearer of that draught of water. But it is doubtless only nonsense, for he is still a boy, and she a full year younger."

"I was not thinking of Madeline, wife," replied Monsieur Guyot; "in my opinion, Jacques loves something else better than all the little damsels in the world—I mean money. He is always hoarding every sou he can collect, and trying, by all sorts of extra services, to earn more than his daily wages: and I almost fear our son will turn miser, since he spends nothing he can avoid."

"Oh, if that be the case, he is doubtless thinking of some girl, and trying to save against the time when he is old enough to marry; but he is a good youth," added Madame Guyot, brushing a tear from her eye at the thought of having a rival in the love of her only child.

"Ah, wife," said her husband, "you are almost jealous of little Madeline; but remember, you cannot expect to keep this one lamb of yours always by your side; and I say, that if the thought of having some day to provide for a wife makes the lad so saving, I for one am well content."

The return of Jacques here stopped the conversation. Hours after his parents were at rest, the youth sat by the lattice in his little chamber. A luxuriant vine hung over the casement, and, waving backwards and forwards in the moonlight, cast fantastic shadows on the wall. Little knew the parents of Jacques by what strong feelings he was actuated, though both were in part right, the father when speaking of his almost miserly habits, the mother in believing that her son loved Madeline.

The youth possessed one of those thoughtful natures which become old too soon; and those who wonder at love in a boy of sixteen, must remember that in southern France the blood runs warm. It was indeed wonderful how he always thought of Madeline in connection with that night of feverish agony—how like a ministering angel the child had seemed in his eyes, when she tripped lightly in with the cooling draught to satisfy his longing. The cup of cold water had worked with a marvellous charm, and the youth regarded the girl with a feeling akin to worship. In the eyes of others, she was just a bright-eyed laughing thing, somewhat wilful and capricious at times, as girls are apt to be; but to poor Jacques she was a being of heavenly beauty.

The recent scarcity of water had again brought the old scene most vividly to his mind, and you might have seen by the moonlight how pale and agitated was his face. After a long vigil, he rose, and taking from a secret repository a sum of money—large for him to possess—he slowly counted it, and then gazing earnestly on his treasure said, softly: "It might be done in a long lifetime; but, oh, Madeline, Madeline!" then with tears streaming down his cheeks, he flung himself on his knees to pray. Poor Jacques! he prayed with such earnest simple faith, that he rose tranquil, and seeking his couch, soon fell into a sound sleep.

Three more years went by, and still Jacques continually added to his store. So scrupulous was he in denying himself every superfluity, that the neighbors whispered how the young Guyot had become a miser. Some did more than whisper, they spoke openly to his mother respecting this peculiarity in her son. Madame Guyot looked very sagacious, and gave mysterious hints about the virtue of sparing on one's self to spend on another, glancing as she spoke at Jacques and Madeline, who were just visible to the group of gossips.

Let love be the presumed cause of a man's actions, a woman will hardly ever deem him in the wrong, however extravagant they may be. Even vice in her sight assumes the dignity of virtue, if she can ascribe its committal to the power of love. So it was with the gossip at whose self-constituted tribunal Jacques was tried, and from that time many a sly joke was levelled at Madeline, till the little damsel's head was almost turned with thinking of the—of course much magnified—riches which were hoarded by her admirer for her to spend some day. She felt she was beloved, for it is not hard to divine when one is the dearest of all earthly objects to a pure and honest heart; but in spite of her convictions in this respect, the conduct of Jacques was a sad puzzle to her.

"He is never so happy as when by my side," she would often say to her mother; "that any one may see; but I do not think he cares to gain me for a wife." The mother would bid her be patient, and all would in time turn out well; but Madeline thought there should be some limit to the expected patience, so she would pout her cherry lips, and give Jacques short answers. Still, though she evidently succeeded in giving him pain, he seemed as far from declaring his sentiments as ever.

The crisis, however, came at last. Madeline had a cousin Marie, who was not only a near neighbor, but also a sort of rival beauty. There had been no slight jealousy between the girls on the subjects of love and marriage; but Marie had at last triumphed, and, the day for her own wedding being fixed, she openly twitted Madeline about her laggard lover. This was a sad blow to the vanity of the young girl. Marie's lover came from what was in those days thought a great distance, and neither grudged spending time nor money in visits to his betrothed; while Madeline, with her lover almost at the door, seemed likely enough to remain single. Oh, it was too much for any maiden's patience!

The wedding-day came, and she, of course, was one of the guests, together with Jacques; and the girl, bent on punishing her tardy admirer, coquetted with others by his very side. But she did not stop at coquetry only. The brother of the bridegroom, a gay and handsome fellow, now at Marseille for the first time, was smitten with her charms, and after the wedding, found or made many excuses for visiting the town which contained Madeline—Jacques, it seemed, would not be piqued into submission, and she was not inclined either for a spinster's life or a longer silent wooing; so, after some hesitation on the part of her parents, who still leaned to their young neighbor, partly from old association, and still more because of his reputed wealth, Madeline was betrothed to the stranger.

Madame Guyot often sighed, and said in her son's hearing, that it was a pity two of the prettiest maidens in Marseilles should be carried off by strangers; for she had long since made up her mind that, since Jacques would needs marry soon or late, it would be well to have a daughter-in-law whom she had known from babyhood. All her hints might have been unheard, for any outward effect they produced on her son; but when the marriage day came, he remained shut up in his little chamber. Neither food nor drink passed his lips; but could he have been seen by any one, a mighty mental conflict would have been revealed to the watcher—it was the last great struggle with human passion. The last bar to his devoting himself to one great object was removed.

The gossips who had aforetime interested themselves so liberally in the affairs of Jacques and Madeline, once more twitted Madame Guyot, saying, it plainly was not love that made her son such a miser in his habits; but she answered them more proudly than ever, that Jacques would now look higher for a wife.

So, first one great lady and then another was said to be the fair object for whom our hero cherished a secret passion, and whom he was trying to equal in wealth. But though Madame Guyot fostered the idea, she, poor soul, knew better; for only a few days after the marriage of his *one* love, Jacques had begged her, in a broken voice, to find out whether the little vessel in which Madeline had borne the precious draught of water to his bedside, a dozen long years ago, were still in existence.

"Oh, my son," said Madame Guyot, "since you did so love Madeline, why did you let her go? She would not now be the wife of a stranger, if you had asked her for thyself."

"Better as it is, mother," replied Jacques, though his lip quivered while he spoke, and again begged his mother to procure what he had mentioned, at any cost.

Madame Guyot's mission proved successful, though the mother of Madeline marvelled greatly at the request; and both the worthy matrons agreed that the conduct of Jacques was a problem beyond their power to solve.—Eagerly was the little vessel seized by him, and after bestowing many grateful thanks on his mother, he conveyed it to his own little room. Could the thing of clay have spoken, it might have told how, when others slept, Jacques spent many an hour in sighs, and even tears. Ay, for every drop of water it had once held, the strong man paid in tears a thousand fold.

Years sped on, and the father and mother of Jacques passed from the earth. The young man had been called a miser, even during their lifetime, but now, indeed, he merited the title. Ever craving for money, he added to his store by the strictest parsimony. His clothes were patched by himself, again and again, till no traces of the original stuff remained. Generally his feet were bare, and even when he wore any covering on them, it consisted of old shoes which had been cast away as worthless, and picked up by him in his solitary wanderings through the town. His food was of the coarsest description, and taken simply to sustain life. He no longer occupied the dwelling in which his early days had been spent; his present home was an old and roomy house, built with a degree of strength which defied any attempt at entrance, unsanctioned by the will of its occupant; at least without a degree of force being used, which must inevitably have led to discovery. Here, then, dwelt Jacques Guyot quite alone. But far worse than alone was he when absent from his house, for the evil repute in which he was held was such, that as he walked, the little children ran shouting after him: "There goes Guyot. See the wretched miser, how thin he is! He grudges himself food to make himself fat, and clothes to cover his lean old body." Then the mischievous urchins would cast stones at Jacques, and load him with insults, unchecked by their parents. But even this was not the worst.—One day he met a friend, or at least he had been such in youth, and whom he had not seen for many a long year. For the moment, Jacques forgot his rags and his isolation—it was so long since a kindly word had been bestowed on him, and oh! how he yearned to win it.—Eagerly he advanced, with an indescribable gleam of joy lighting his pinched features; but his former comrade shrank back, holding up his hands, as if to forbid his nearer approach, saying as he did so,

"I will not hold communion with a thing like you. Did you not love thy money better than her who ought to be your wife? but you suffered a stranger to carry her away, and now the accursed thing is dearer to you than yourself, though you have neither child nor kin to whom to leave it. Away! touch me not!"

Another trial came still later, and it was the hardest of all. A portly dame, elderly, but still fresh and comely-looking, and with a fair daughter by her side, passed leisurely along the streets of Marseilles. They seemed to be new arrivals; but the elder one was evidently no stranger, for she pointed out to her daughter various changes which had been made of late. Jacques Guyot looked earnestly at the girl, for her features brought vividly to his mind those of the object of his one love dream, and as he came near, he heard her mother call her Madeline. Another glance, and he recognized the elder female as *the* Madeline of his youth. Though so many years had gone over his head, his pale face was in a moment flushed. Again he forgot the curses and the stones daily showered around him; the vision of the bright-eyed child, with the little treasured pitcher in her hand was before him, and he too was for an instant young; but for how brief an instant! Madeline, even in her distant home, had heard of the miser Guyot, who heaped up wealth, though with none to share it, and denied even the smallest aid to the miserable, though surrounded with gold. Even at that moment, too, she heard the taunts of the passers-by; so, gathering her skirts closely around her, as though his very touch would poison, she swept by with such a look of scorn as rooted the miser to the spot, and brought back the sense of his loneliness more terribly than ever.

Though no inhabitant of Marseilles ever entered the miser's dwelling during his life, yet I am able to tell how he spent his time there. I know he never entered his silent, comfortless home without feeling that his heart would leap with joy to hear a friendly voice, or if he might be permitted to clasp a child to his bosom. I know that, in spite of insults, reproaches, and taunts, his heart teemed with loving kindness to his fellow-creatures, and often when suffering from them, he would smile, and murmur: "It is because they know me not; for one day these curses will be turned to blessings." Ay, and that, when seated on his hard bench, to take the food needful to prolong his life until the object should be accomplished for which he had given up all that could tend to its enjoyment, he prayed for a blessing on his coarse fare; and I know, too, that after each more biting proof of scorn from those around him, he asked from the same Almighty source strength to "endure to the end."

A very old man was Jacques Guyot when the end came, but he met it with joy and hope, for he had lived long enough to finish his self-imposed task. Stretched upon his wretched pallet, he smiled and talked to himself. "Ah, Jacques," said he, "they will never more call thee accursed. The last stone has been cast at thy worthless carcass, for worthless it may well be called, since even the worms will scarcely be able to banquet on the scanty covering of thy old bones. But, oh, what joy to think the miser has not lived in vain! And thou, too," said he, taking in his hand Madeline's little pitcher, "well hast thou performed thy part. Though but a thing of clay, the sight of thee has reminded me each day and hour that, having given up her to whom thou didst once belong, no greater sacrifice could be demanded from me; and more than that—it ever brought before me the memory of the one pressing want which inspired the resolution God has in his goodness given me strength to fulfil. I will indulge just one weakness, and having taken my last draught from thee, no other lip shall touch thee." So saying, he drank the water it contained, and gathering all his remaining strength, shivered it to atoms. One hour after, and the miser lay dead. Only lifeless clay, senseless as that shivered by his last act, now remained of Jacques Guyot.

As soon as he was missed from his daily haunts, the propriety of examining his dwelling suggested itself to the towns-people, for there were many who would not touch him while living, who would gladly have acted as his executors. Fancy, then, the crowd around the door—the forcible entrance—the curious ransacking each room till they at last stood beside all that remained of the object of their bitter loathing. The authorities of the town, who led the way, took possession of a sealed paper, which Jacques, ere he lay down to die, had placed in a conspicuous position. It was his will, duly executed, and contained these words: "Having observed from my youth that the poor of Marseilles are ill supplied with water, which can be procured for them only at a great cost, I have cheerfully labored all my life to gain them this great blessing, and I bequeath all I possess to be spent in building an aqueduct for their use."

Jacques had told the truth: The curse turned into blessings, and his death made a city full of self-reproaching mourners. Many a man has won the name of hero by one gallant deed; but he who made a conquest of a city by the continued heroism of a long life, methinks deserves the name indeed. And thus I have told you to whom the inhabitants of Marseilles owe their aqueduct.

VIGOROUS BUTTER.—A Bostonian inveighs against the practice of setting butter of undue strength upon the table, which prevails in some of the restaurants, of that city. He says that "had the Atlantic telegraph cable been greased with the butter which was placed before him at one of these establishments yesterday noon, it would have been successfully laid from the coast of Ireland to the shore of Newfoundland."

☞ The faults of genius might be passed over if the world would promise not to imitate them.

☞ Zeno, the philosopher, believed in an inevitable destiny. His servant availed himself of this doctrine one day whilst being beaten for a theft, by exclaiming, "Was I not destined to rob?" "Yes," replied Zeno, "and to be corrected also."

☞ On the jamb of the door of an eating-house on the North Wall, Dublin, the curious may read the following announcement printed, conveying fearful intelligence to the gallant tars who frequent that port:—"Sailors *eitals* cooked here!"

NEWS ITEMS.

GOOD AND TRUE.—Lola Montez, who is now lecturing in Montreal, having been assailed by the editor of the Witness, addressed to him a sharp and bitter letter, stating that her present life is blameless, that she is respectably endeavoring to earn her bread, and that no gentleman would assail a lady "who is honestly endeavoring to make the best use of such opportunities and abilities as God has given her."

MEANING WELL, BUT DOING ILL.—A Western New York farmer writes as follows to a distinguished scientific agriculturist, to whom he felt under obligation for introducing a variety of swine:

Respected Sir: I went yesterday to the Fair at M——; I found several pigs of your species; there was a great variety of beasts, and I was astonished at not seeing you there!

PUTTING A RATHER FINE POINT UPON IT.—A correspondent of the Watchman and Reflector complains that Webster, in his Unabridged Quarto Dictionary, gives evidence of "suppressing or evading etymological truth," in his definition of "baptize" and "baptism." The same writer characterizes the work as a "proselyting dictionary," and cautions Baptists as to the claim that such a volume can have upon their patronage.

A CHANCE FOR KANSAS WOMEN TO VOTE.—A Kansas letter says that "in consequence of omitting the word 'male' before residents, the legislators have enfranchised the women! The ladies will doubtless insist on exercising the right thus unintentionally conferred on them."

GAS LIGHT ON STEAMERS.—We see it stated that a firm in England has received instructions to fit the steamship Great Eastern with gas works and all necessary gas fittings, on a most elaborate scale. Some of the steamers on our rivers have been lighted with gas with tolerable success, and the effort will probably be highly conducive to economy, as well as safety and convenience, on so large a ship as the Great Eastern.

A VERY ARDENT LOVER.—The Amherst Express says: "While the exercises of Commencement were in full progress, a sedate bachelor was so enraptured with the charms of the young lady whom he had escorted there, that he commenced a vigorous courtship in whispers so loud as to be distinctly heard by not a few who sat near. Notwithstanding sundry slight rebuffs, which served only to increase the ardor of his attentions, he at length popped the question, and was rejected. The verdict of those who overheard was—'served him right.'"

A "STRONG-MINDED" CAT.—A sportsman of New Jersey has a cat which he has trained to accompany him on all his hunting expeditions. She will start up birds, rabbits, squirrels, &c., with the sagacity as a dog, and pursues and "stands" them almost invariably with success. Being naturally soft and sly in her movements, she is regarded as more valuable for game than any dog could be, since the best trained canine will sometimes become boisterous, and thus do mischief. The cat is regarded as a curiosity in the neighborhood.

"WINE WHICH MAKETH MAD THE HEART OF MAN."—Great sensation has been caused at Oporto by the discovery of extensive frauds in the wine trade. It appears that mixtures to represent port wine are manufactured in England and Hamburg, and sent out in ships to Oporto; where, by means of falsified certificates, the mixtures are imported into England as port wine. About 3,000 pipes of these mixtures are now in London. Ten pipes of the mixtures have been seized by the Customs at Oporto, on board a ship from England. The mixture has been tested, and found to be a composition of bad alcohol, molasses, and the essence of tar.

PIETY AND PROFANITY IN PROPORTION.—The Brandon (Miss.) Republican says that a merchant in that place lately filled the following bill for a country customer: "2 yards muslin; 2 do. calico; 4 do. domestic; 10 lbs. coffee; 35 lbs. clear sides; 14 lbs shoulders; 1 *gallon of whiskey*; 1 *Holy Bible*; 1 *deck of cards*; 1 hale yarn; 1 sacred harp."

THE LATEST STYLE.—It is stated by authority, that a new fashion is about to be introduced by the ladies of Buffalo—no less, in fact, than an immense calash which is to be attached to the waists of the dear creatures, to be raised and lowered at pleasure, like the top of a buggy. Buffalo papers frantically ask "what next?"

MRS. CUNNINGHAM has been admitted to bail in the sum of five thousand dollars.

MARRIAGE OF THE POET LOWELL.—A letter from Boston to the New York Post says that James Russell Lowell, the poet, is to be married in a fortnight.

REMARKABLE BAD LUCK.—The New York Times tells of a merchant in that city who received a remittance from one of his correspondents, in the shape of a draft on the Ohio Life and Trust Company for ,000 on the very day on which that institution closed doors. He immediately telegraphed the fact to his debtor, who sent him another draft on John Thompson, which arrived the day after the failure of that broker; the merchant again telegraphed the failure, received in a few days another draft on Atwood & , just as that firm suspended.

DIAMOND FOUND IN OHIO.—One of the workmen engaged in boring an artesian well for Mr. Van Wert, in Stryker, a village on the Air Line Railroad, forty-five miles from Toledo, found a pure diamond, last week, at the depth of about one hundred feet. The diamond is of the size of an ordinary marble, and experient judges say that it is worth at least two thousand dollars. Mr. Van Wert waived all claim to the valuable, and its lucky finder, a poor, honest Irishman, named Michael Sheehan, no doubt believes he was "born to good luck."

LIST OF FAILURES AND SUSPENSIONS.—In New York—Stillman, Allen & Co., of the Novelty Works; I. & V. Kirby, Jobbing House; Tuttle, Curtis & Co., D. Healy & Bates, Grillo & Livermore, all flour and produce dealers; Wm G. Bell & Co., brokers; F. C. Bean, merchant. In Boston—Barnet Godhelm, clothiers. In Providence—Zachariah and Olip Allen, manufacturers (joint liabilities three hundred.) In Buffalo—Foot & Co., and Niles and , produce dealers. In Boston, an injunction has been issued against the Appleton Insurance Company, a receiver appointed. In New York, the notes of Ontario County Bank, and the Bank of Orleans, at , N. Y., have been thrown out by the redemption clerk—both having failed. In New Jersey, the New Bank has suspended. In Tennessee, the "Agricultural" and West Tennessee Banks are in bad

A LARGE SNAKE STORY.—A correspondent of the Abingdon, Va., Democrat, writing from Walker Mill, Lee county, Va., who is, as the Democrat assures its readers, "a gentleman in whom implicit confidence may be placed," gives the following account of the killing of a monster reptile in Harlan county, Ky:

"About three weeks ago five men went to gather huckleberries in the mountainous parts of Harlan , Kentucky, and in their travels discovered a nk or cave, large enough to admit a barrel dropped in a few stones, when their ears were ted with a loud, rumbling sound, accompanied th a rattling noise; and an enormous serpent made appearance, blowing and spreading his head, and ir forked tongue pretending. The men were struck th wonder and affright, and the atmosphere was lled with a smell so nauseating, that three out of five were taken very sick; the other two, discovering the condition of their companions, dragged them way.

"The next day were mounted some ten of the hardy ontaineers, armed with rifles, determined to deroy the monster. On approaching within one hundred yards of his snakeship, their horses suddenly came restive, and neither k nidness nor force could make them go nearer. The men dismounted, and tying their horses, proceeded on foot, with rifles cocked, to the mouth of the cave. They hurled in five or four large stones, and fell back some fifteen , when the same noise was heard as before, and ey receded reptile, ready, as his looks indicated, to give the intenders. About ten feet of the monster appeared from the hole, seven eight or ten hundred through his head, and as he died he kept , out, until twenty feet of that huge boa lay ross on the ground. It was a rattlesnake, with ty-eight rattles—the first was four inches to diand the rest decreasing in size to the last difficulty, the men dragged him home, and his g seen by the curious in Harlan county."

SEPOY "ATROCITIES."—The revolters in India probably committed many ruthless and horrible cruelties, but there is little doubt that their general conduct has been unfairly reported, and in many instances deliberately falsified. The London Times has told us of their pitiless ferocity, but the following extract from a letter in an English journal, gives a picture of noble forbearance and humanity which deserves remembrance:

"The mutiny of the 22nd Regiment beats any romance; they guarded their officers and their bungalow after mutinying, placed sentries over magazines, and all public property, sent out pickets to prevent the town's people and servants from disorder, held a council of war, in which the cavalry (Fisher's Irregular) proposed to kill the officers, but the 22nd objected, and informed the officers that they would be allowed to leave, and might take with them their private arms and property, but no public property, as that all belonged to the King of Oude. Their officers asked for boats; the rebel Commissary-General, a Resaldar, was ordered to provide them. He did so, but merely small dingies, so that they could only bring away a bundle each, and then they were presented with 900 rupees, which the rebels took from the treasure-chest to give them. When the officers tried to recall them to their duty, they respectfully assured them that they were now under the orders of their native officers, and that the Soubahdar Major of the 22nd Regiment had been appointed to the command of the station, and that each corps had appointed one of its officers to be their chief."

WHAT DOES IT INDICATE?—The guardians of the city of London Unions have offered rewards for the apprehension of no fewer than fifty men, who have gone off, leaving their wives and children, numbering 300 individuals, to be permanently maintained by the rate-payers.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY

R. B. JONES, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S SALOONS, Nos. 727 and 729 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		*Mutton.*	
Roasting rib, ₱ lb	16 @18	Leg, Loin, Chp ₱ lb	8 @11
Sirloin steak	16 @20	Breast and Neck	6½ @ 8
Rump do	12½@16	Young Lamb, whole	$3,50
Chuck pieces	8 @12½	Whole carcass	4 @ 5
Plates and navels		*Veal.*	
Corned	8 @10	Fore quarter ₱ lb	8
Tongues, fresh,	62 @75	Hind do	11
Leg, each,	31½@37½	Chop	12½
Skin	25 @50	Cutlet	12½
Kidney	8 @12½	Sweetbread, each	10
Liver ₱ lb	12 @20	*Pork.*	
Dried Beef ₱ lb	12 @20	Young Pigs	$1 25 @1 50
Lamb.		Salt and fresh lb	12 @ 14
Fore quarter	25 @37½	Feet, ₱ set	12½@ 31
Hind do	1 00 @1 12½	Tripe, ₱ lb	4 @ 6
Chop ₱ lb	10 @12½	Lard do	12 @ 1
Calves Head, each	25 @31	Ham, sliced	12½@ 14
		Bologna Sausage	16 @ 20

VEGETABLES.

Turnips bkt	62 @12½	Corn potatoes bu	50 @ 60
do bkt pk	12½@ 14	do bkt	37½@ 40
Beets bunch	4 @ 6	do bkt pk	14 @ 16
Cabbage bbl	87½@ 1 12½	Onions bus	— @ 1 50
do h'd	3 @ 10	Carrots doz	6 @ 7
Salad head	1 @ 5	Tomat's per bf peck	6 @ 1
S t Pota's ₱ bus	$1 25@1 75	do per basket	50 @ 62
do do ₱ lb	6 @ 8	Corn per dozen	10 @ 12
		Egg Plants, each,	3 @ 10

FRUIT.

Apples ₱ bkt	87½@1 00	Blackberries	8 @10
do bf pk	12½@ 25	Whortleberries	6 @12½
Cranberries qt	6 @12½	Apricots ₱ doz	12½
Watermelons	6@37½	Peaches ₱ bu-kel	$1 50@ 2
Canteloupes	6 @12	do half pk	12 @37½

POULTRY AND GAME.

Spring Chickens ₱ pair	31 @ 37	Sqb Pig's qr	75 @ 1
Chickens ₱ pair	37 @ 25	Woodcock	50 @ 75
Blackbirds ₱ doz	25	Frogs doz	25 @ 50
Reed Birds	37½	Snipe, sand,	37½

SHELLFISH.

Terrapin Southside	5 @6 00	Oysters, Absecom,	
do Ches & Dell	6 00@ 8 00	₱ bkt	62 @ 88
Lobsters ₱ lb	8 @ 10	do ₱ M	4 00 @5 00
Prime ₱ pair	2 00 @2 50	M Bay Cove M	3 00 @5 00
Soft Shell Crabs	1 50 @2 00	N Y do ₱ bbl	10 00 @20 00

FISH.

Hambut ₱ lb	10 @12	Perch bunch	4 @ 12½
Bass	8 @ 9	Catfish	6 @12
Porgies	— @ 8	Eels	6 @12½
Founders	— @ 6	Salt Shad ₱ lb	12
Cod	5 @ 8	" Mackerel	12
Blackfish	8 @ 10	Dry Cod	4 @ 6
White Fish	— @ 8	Smoked Herring bunch	8
Rock	8 @12½	Pickled Salmon lb,	25 @ 45

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter ₱	20 @25	Honey ₱	20 @25
Roll do	16 @20	Sponge cake	5
Eggs doz	16 @17		

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The depression and downward tendency of the Flour market, which we have noticed in many weeks past continues, and we are again compelled to reduce our quotations 37½ ₱ bbl. There has been very little export demand, and the only transactions reported are some 1,200 bbls fresh and recently ground superfine at $5 ₱ bbl, at which it is freely offered; 300 bbls extra family at $6, and one half bbls Southern on terms kept private. The sales for the supply of retailers and bakers have been limited within the range of the same quotations. Rye Flour and Corn Meal have been very little inquired after. Small sales of the former at $4,50, and the latter at $4 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—There is an ideal amount of Wheat arriving, but there has been but little inquiry, and with an accumulating stock, a tight money market, and a downward tendency in Flour, prices have again fallen off 10c ₱ bush. The sales comprise about 42,000 bush, varying from 91 for inferior up to $1,35 for red, and $1,35@1,50 for white, closing at $1,30@1,35 for good Southern and Penna red, and $1,34@1,35 for white—the bulk of the transactions being within these figures. Rye has been steady demand, but there is not much coming forward. Sales of 3,000 bush at 85c. Corn declined 2c ₱ bush. Sales of 25,000 bush at the close of last week at 68@69c, and since at 75@75c, about—closing at our lowest quotation, at which the bulk of the sales were effected. Oats have been in steady demand, and 10,000 bush sold at 39@39c ₱ bush for Delaware and Jersey, and 41c for Penna.

PROVISIONS—The market has been dull in consequence of the absence of supplies, the want of stocks to operate on, and the unsettled state of monetary affairs. Small sales of Western Mess Pork at $20,75 ₱ bbl, and Prime at $17, cash. In Beef the sales are confined to small lots of city packed, for ship's stores, at $12, cash. Bacon—The stock is extremely light, and there has been a steady consumptive demand at our last quotations. Small sales of Hams at 11½@12c for pic n and fancy canvassed; Sides at 10c, and Shoulders at 8½@9c ₱ lb, cash and 60 days. A small lot of unsmoked cured Shoulders sold at 12c. The stocks of Bulk Meats are exhausted, and there has been nothing doing. Lard—Continues very scarce, and there is little or none coming forward. Small sales of bbls and tierces at 12c ₱ lb, cash, and kegs at 13@14c ₱ lb. Butter continues very dull; small sales of solid packed at 14@15c ₱ lb, cash, in roll nothing doing.

HAY—The demand for Quercitron Bark has fallen off, and prices have declined 62½ @ 75c ₱ ton, cash and 90 days for No 1. A small sale of Chesnut at $13,50 per cord.

CANDLES—There has been very little doing, but prices are unchanged; sales of 400 boxes city manufactured Adamantine, have been made at 20@20c. per lb., 4 mos., but in Sperm and Tallow the transactions have been limited.

COAL—The market has been very dull. The orders from the East and coast have been very slowly, and the shipments thereto have fallen off greatly, and prices have undergone no quotable change. Richmond Coal is not wanted; the last sale was at 12c. per bu.

COFFEE—The market has been quite firm, but the demand has been limited; sales of 800 bags Rio at 11,@12c., and some Java 17c. per lb. on time.

COPPER—Continues dull at 28c. per lb., 6 months, for English Sheathing; sales of Yellow Metal at 30c. 6 months.

COTTON—The late European advices have had no effect upon prices. The demand has been only to supply the immediate wants of the manufacturers at the decline noted at the close of last week. Sales of 500 bales, mostly Upland, from 13½ to 13½c. per lb., on time, for low grades to fair quality.

DRUGS AND DYES—Not much doing. Among the sales was a cargo of St Domingo Logwood on private terms; one of Jamaica do a. about 52½; an invoice of about 400 tons Brimstone on private terms; 30 casks Soda Ash at Seller; some Bleaching Powders at 3c; and Oil of Lemon at $2,25 ₱ case.

FEATHERS—There is a little more inquiry for Western, and 1 m be sold at 52c ₱ lb. short time.

FISH—The stock of Mackerel has been increased by the recent arrivals, and prices are unsettled. The only sales reported are 800 bbls on private terms, and in small lots from store at $17,50@18 ₱ bbl for medium No 1s; $14 for No 2s, and $9,50 for No 3s. Small No 3s command $10,25. Warm sale of Herring at $4, and Codfish at $4,50, but of the latter the market is comparatively bare.

FRUIT—There is but little foreign here to operate in. Currants have advanced. An invoice of 250 bbls Palermo Lemons has arrived, from which small sales have been made at $5,75 ₱ box, from the wharf. There is a good supply of all descriptions of Green Fruit, and it is selling freely.

GINSENG—Continues quiet and entirely nominal in price.

GUANO—The sales have been only in a small way at former rates.

HEMP—There has been but little inquiry, and no sales have come under our notice.

HIDES—Continue dull, and no transactions have been reported.

HOPS—Continue to meet a very limited inquiry, and the sales have been only in a small way at 8@12c. per lb. The new crop will soon commence coming forward, some lots having already made their appearance in New York.

INDIGO—The demand has fallen off, but prices are well maintained.

IRON—The continued unsettled state of monetary affairs has almost suspended operations in Pig Metal, and the sales of Anthracite have been only in a small way, from store, within the range of our quotations. A small lot of Charcoal Wheel Iron sold at $40 per ton, 6 mos. Prices of Scotch Pig are entirely nominal. Limited sales of Bar and Boiler Iron at our former quotations.

LEAD—There is very little stock here, and the only transaction is 100 tons Spanish on terms not made public.

LEATHER—There has been a steady demand for Spanish Sole and Slaughtered, without change in prices.

LUMBER—The receipts have been small, and there has been a fair business done. Among the sales we notice 500,000 Cabin Laths at $1,25 ₱ M, and 80,000 feet Southern Yellow Pine Saw Boards at $18@14 ₱ M feet.

MOLASSES—The market continues extremely dull, and prices are nominal. A lot of 100 bbls N Y Syrup sold at 34c, cash.

NAVAL STORES—The stocks of all kinds are extremely low. Small sales of Rosin and Pitch within the range of our quotations. Sales of Common Rosin at $1,80 ₱ bbl, 2-0 bbls Tar sold at $2, Spirits Turpentine has been in steady demand, at a slight improvement. Small sales at 40c. cash, and 43@45c, 4 mos.

OILS—There has been rather more demand for Fish Oils, but without change in prices. Sales of 2000 gallons Winter Whale at 52c, 4 mos. Linseed Oil is held quite firmly, with further sales at 75@75c. cash, in casks and bbls. The stock of Lard Oil is very much reduced, and the sales have been only in a small way. Small sales of Western Red Oil at 75c. cash. Olive Oil is unchanged.

PLASTER—Continues to meet a limited inquiry. One cargo of 300 sold at $2,12½ ton.

RICE—Is held firmly, but there has been very little inquiry; sales at $4,25@4,50, 4 months.

SALT—An invoice of Liverpool and two cargoes of Turks Island sold on private terms.

SEEDS—The receipts of Clover seed continue extremely small, and there is little or none here in first hands. Small sales at $7,50 ₱ 64 lbs. The demand for Timothy has fallen off; sales of 250 bus, in bbls, at $2,37½ ₱ bus. The market continues bare of Flaxseed, and it is wanted.

SPICES—The sales have been confined to a few small lots of Nutmegs at 75@76c ₱ lb, 6 mos.

SPIRITS—The transactions in Brandy and Gin have been limited, but without change in prices. N. E. Rum continues to sell at 28@30c. Whiskey—There has been less inquiry, and prices are drooping. Sales 1,200 bbls at 25@26c; bbls at 25@25c, and Drudge at 24@25c—closing at our lowest quotations.

SUMAC—In store; sales of 300 bags Sicily at $62@63 ₱ ton, 6 mos.

SUGAR—The market continues extremely quiet, but prices have undergone no change; sales 500 hhds Cuba, part at 8c@8½ ₱ lb, on time, and part on private terms.

TALLOW—Has little offering, and the sales have been only in small lots at 12@12½ ₱ lb, cash, for City Rendered.

TEAS—The demand has been limited, but prices are firm for both Blacks and Green.

TOBACCO—The accounts from Virginia indicate that prices must rule high, and the rates here are well maintained for both Leaf and Manufactured.

WINES—No transactions worthy of notice.

WOOL—There has been less demand, particularly for the finer grades, and prices are barely maintained. The stock of the low and medium grades is very much reduced, and the receipts from the West are almost over. Among the sales we notice some extra fine fleeces at 52c, 6 mos; 4 and full blood at 51@52c, 6 mos; 3 blood at 49@49½c, 6 mos; common and ¼ blood at 42@47c, 6 mos; Merino pulled at 46c, 6 mos, and No 1 pulled at 45c, 6 mos.

THE FALL OF THE YEAR.—The fall of the year has its charms; to the dwellers in the country the changing foliage is beautiful; to citizens the cool air is healthy and invigorating; to the merchant the Fall trade has great merit; but exceeding in attractiveness almost all other reasonable charms, is the splendid Fall Clothing for gentlemen and youths, offered for sale at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 605 Chestnut street, above 6th, Philadelphia.

BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPHIC PAINTINGS, BY COOK,

At the Rose Gallery, corner of Chestnut and Fifth.

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A retired clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous misfortune, wishes to make known to the means of cure. Will be sent free on receipt of stamp. Direct the Rev. John M. Bagnall, 168 Fulton st., Brooklyn, N. Y. 1t

AN IMPORTANT ITEM TO THE SURVIVORS OF THE LATE WAR WITH MEXICO.

LANCASTER, C. H., S. C., May 12, 1856.

Dr. C. M. Jackson—Dear Sir:—After my return from Mexico, I was seriously afflicted with a disease of the blood, which has carried to the grave so many of my fellow soldiers, Chronic Diarrhœa, accompanied with Neuralgia, brought on by the climate of Mexico and the mode of living while engaged in the war. The relief I have obtained from the use of HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS is astonishing, and I cannot cheerfully have, and shall continue to recommend the Bitters to all who are similarly affected, believing that the benefit that will result from their use will be incalculable. Very respectfully yours,

K. G. BILLINGS,

Late Lieutenant of Company C., Palmetto Reg't, S. C. Volunteers.

Be sure and ask for *Hoofland's German Bitters*, and see that the signa ure of C. M. Jackson, is on the wrapper of each bottle.

For sale by Druggists and storekeepers in every town and village in the United States, West Indies and Canadas. Price 75 cents per bottle. Principal Office, 418 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WE ADVISE EVERY ONE who suffers from Dyspepsia or debility in any of its forms, to use the Oxygenated Bitters, a medicine more favorably known than any remedy ever discovered for the positive cure of these troublesome complaints.

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov29-tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. GEORGE F. NEAGUS, of Cincinnati, O., to Miss MARTHA B. daughter of Dr. W. Jewell, of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. George A. Duchouse, Mr. THOMAS ARLL, of Rock Island, Illinois, to Miss ISABELLA A. BLACKWOOD, of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. S. H. Johnston, Mr. GEORGE R. NIEBLING, to Miss ANNA DOUGHERTY, all of Waterford, N. J.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. THOMAS W. STRATTON, to Miss ALMIRA MATTHEWS.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. William O. Johnstone, Mr. THOMAS McDERMOTT, to Miss ELIZA GRAHAM.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Edgar M. Levy, Mr. THOMAS T. SEAL, to Miss LOUISA BUTLER, both of West Philadelphia.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. JACOB G. SMITH, to Miss LYDIA B. HAND, both of Cape May, N. J.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. John McDowell, Mr. FRANKLIN DIEMER, to Miss ELIZABETH REPSHER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by responsible name.

At Davenport, Iowa, July 16, ROBERT G. son of Eli and Mary D. Adams, aged 9 months and 13 days.

On Wednesday, the 9th instant, at his residence, West Philadelphia, Mr. JAMES T. FLATLEY, in the 36th year of his age.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. NANCY WALKER, aged 26.

On the 8th instant, THOMAS WIMER, aged 61 yrs 4 mos.

On the 8th instant, JOHN HORNER, aged 64 years.

At Pennsford, on the 9th instant, Mr. JOHN OMNESTER, Sr. aged 95 years.

On the 8th instant, Mrs. ALICE MARRIN, aged 68 years.

On the 8th instant, CATHARINE A. DENNY, aged 2y.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. HANNAH RICE, aged 82 years.

On the 8th instant, ELMIRA, wife of Richard Ennis, aged 29 years.

On the 5th instant, WILLIAM H. TAYLOR, aged 23 years.

On the 8th instant, Mr. ROBERT SHIPPEN, aged 69.

On the 6th instant, MARY, relict of the late Dr. George Bonnell, of Germantown, aged 84 years.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,

No. 29 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, September 12, 1857.

Pennsylvania.	
Solvent bks	par to 1 dis
Relief notes	1 dis
Lancaster bk	50 dis
Erie City bk	33 dis
Bk of Newcastle	33 dis
Warren do bk	no sale
New Jersey.	
Solvent bks	par to 1 dis
Merch bk Bridgeton	20 dis
Wheat Grower's bk Newton	20 dis
Commercial Bk, Perth Amboy,	failed
Bergen bk	no sale
Bank New Jersey and Bk Jersey City	no sale
Delaware.	
Solvent bks	par
Under 5's	4 dis
Maryland.	
Valley bk Hagerstown	no sale
Solvent bks	2 dis
Bank Mo bk Kent on	5 dis
District of Colmmbia.	
Exchange bk	30 dis
Solv bks	1 dis
New York.	
Solv bks	par to 1 dis
8th Avenue bk	5 dis
Knickerbocker bk	1½ dis
Par bk Onondaga	25 dis
Mer & Mech bk Owego	20 dis
Ex bk Buffalo	30 dis
Empire City bk	1½ dis
Central bk	1½ dis
Champlain bk	no sale
Farmer's in Saratoga	no sale
Mechanics' bk	no sale
Sackett's Harbor and Rochester bk	no sale
Oliver bk	no sale
Ontario bk	no sale
Bk of Orleans	no sale
Huguenot bk	no sale
Maine.	
Solv bks	1 dis
Bk of Hallowell	½ dis
Kennebec bk	1½ dis
Maritime bk Bangor	1½ dis
Canton bk South China	no sale
Exchange bk	no sale
Hancock bk	no sale
Warwick bk	no sale
New Hampshire.	
Solv bks	1 dis
Lancaster bk	closed
Exeter bk	closed
Vermont.	
Solv bks	1 dis
Merch Roxalton bk	no sale
Wooster bk	no sale
Danby bk	no sale
Connecticut.	
Solv bks	1 dis
Massachusetts.	
Solv bks	1 dis
Canada.	
Solv bks	1½ dis
Zimmerman	no sale
Rhode Island.	
Solv bks	1 dis
Bk Reoub Providence	70 dis
Tiverton bk	no sale
Central bk	no sale
Farmer's bk Wickford	no sale
South co bk	no sale
Virginia.	
Solv bks	1½ dis
Bk of Kanawha	no sale
Corp'n Alexandria	5 dis
North Carolina.	
Solv bks	3 dis
Small notes	2 dis
Georgia.	
Old bks	2 dis
New bks	5 to 10 dis
Bk Columbus	no sale
Bk of Milledgville	no sale
Mac & Mech bk Columbus	no sale
Planters' and Mech's bk, Dalton	no sale
South Carolina.	
Solv bks	1 dis
Alabama.	
Bk of Mobile	3 dis
Other solv bks	5 dis
Mississippi.	
All bks	uncertain
Louisiana.	
Solv bks	1½ to 2 dis
Ohio.	
Solv bks	1½ dis
Bk of Circleville	45 dis
Canal bk	8 dis
Miami Valley bk	no sale
Kentucky.	
Solv bks	1½ dis
Indiana.	
New solvent bks	3 dis
State bk	1½ dis
Shawnee bk, Attica,	no sale
Gramercy bk, Lafayette	"
Other bks	5 to 80 dis
Illinois.	
Peoples bk, Carmi,	20 dis
Rushville bk, Rahville,	20 dis
Solvent bks	3 dis
Stock Security bk	20 dis
Missouri.	
Solv bks	1½ dis
Tennessee.	
Bk of East Tenn	no sale
Solv bks	2 dis
Small notes	3 dis
Central bk	no sale
New bks	3 to 5 dis
Michigan.	
Solv bks	1 dis
Arkansas.	
All bks	no sale
Wisconsin.	
Solv bks	3 dis
Texas.	
Commercial & Agricultural bk Galveston	10 dis

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aug29-4t

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THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER,

No. 333 Walnut Street,

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct		
" " '62	109	—
" " '67	106	—
" " '68	105	—
" " '65	103	—
Phila 6 pr ct	84½	85
" " new	90½	90¾
" 5 "	—	—
Cam City 6 pr ct	—	—
Pittsb'g pr ct	—	—
" " coupon	—	—
All'gh city 6 pr ct	—	—
" " municip'l	75	77½
Alle co RR 6's	75	80
Penn "		
" 5 "	81½	82
" " coupon	84	85
Penn 6 pr ct	73½	74
" 5 " coupon	70	72
Kentucky 6 pr ct	97	—
Penn RR 6 pr ct	98½	99
2d m'rt scrip '53	93	96
C & Am RR 6 pr ct	70	75
P & C N RR "	90	92½
Reading RR "	75	77
" m'rt "	85	86
M & Lan RR "	—	—
Cin Val RR "	90	92
Tioga RR "	73	75
Phil Wil & Bal		
60 RR 6 pr ct	88	92
Long I RR "	86	87
Sch Nav '82 "	54½	56
Lehigh Nav "	90	92½
Morris "	52	53
Del & Rar Can "	83	86
Cam & Amboy "	160	160½
Penna. "	62½	63
Hes Meadow	51	52½
North Penns	8	8½
Phi Ger & Nor	56	59
Reading	32½	32¾
Minehill	50½	50¾
Hes & Lay.	53	—
Chester Val	—	—
Texas	—	—
" preferred	—	—
P W & Balt	28	31
Long Island	8	9
Wilmport & Elmira	15	21
Catawissa	8	9
CANAL STOCKS.		
Sch Nav	10	12
" preferred	17½	19
Lehigh Nav	52	54
Morris consolidated	44	5
" preferred	88	90
C & Del	57	60
Union	51	6
Sus & Tidewater	5	6
BANK STOCKS.		
North Amer	150	151
Penna	106	107
Phila	116	117
Far & Men	100	41
Commercial	49½	50
N Liberty	38	39
Mechanics	57	58
Southwark	80	90
Kensington	58	59
Guard	10	15½
Western	87	88
Man & Mech	26	27
Commerce	85	86
Tradesman's	64	—
Girard	49½	50
Consolidation	254	255
Commonwealth	—	21
Corn Exchange	—	8
Patriots	57	—
M & M Phila	60	—
Ex'ge Phila	97	—
Kentucky	103	110
Southern, Ky	112	115
Louisville, Ky.	103	103
Farmers, Ky.	108	110
Union, North Penn	90	100
Penn's, Penn.	100	102
Com & R Vick	0	74

Wit and Humor.

A TURKEY HOP.

"Walk in, gentlemen, walk in! Come in, and see the turkeys dance! It's cur'ous—real cur'ous! You won't wish you hadn't if you du see it once, but will wish you had, a thousand times, if you don't see it!"

"Turkeys dancing? Fact, and no mistake!"

"Come in and see, if you don't believe it. If 'taint so, you can have back your tew shillin'. Perhaps them other gentlemen that's with you would like to come in tew. It's only tew shillin', any heow."

This was a dialogue which I heard before the door of a showman in one of the midland counties.

I was one of "them other gentlemen" referred to, and I disbursed the "tew shillin'" referred to, and entered, as did many others, who, similarly attracted, followed us into the show.

"Wal, gentlemen," said the exhibitor, "you see that 'ere long coop of turkeys. Wal, I shall feed 'em fust, and pretty soon arter, when they begin to feel their oats (but that's a joke, 'cause we give 'em corn,) you'll see 'em, as soon as the music strikes up, you'll see 'em begin to dance."

The coop, which ran along the end of the exhibition farthest from the door, was about fifteen feet long, and must have contained some twenty or thirty turkeys; heavy fellows they were, too, most of them—perfect treasures for a Christmas or a New Year's table. Into this coop our exhibitor threw perhaps a peck—or at least half a peck—of corn.

This was soon gathered up, not without much squabbling and fighting on the part of the feathered recipients, who wanted to see fair play—that kind of "fair play" meaning which would give to the complainants the largest half of the "provant."

Presently it was all devoured; and the "audience" called for the "performance," as promised.

"Yes, yes," said the exhibitor, "don't be in tew big a stew. Give us time, if you please. Strike up, music—give 'em a lively teewn!"

At this, a cracked flute and an old black, greasy fiddle started off at very quick time; and sure enough, every turkey in the coop began to dance, hopping from one leg to another, crossing over, balancing, chasseeing—doing everything, in short, known to the saltatory art, except "joining hands" and "turning partners."

"Well, that is curious!" exclaimed the auditors, simultaneously. "Never saw anything like it before."

"No," says the exhibitor, "expect you didn't. It's all in edication, as the poet says. I edicated them turkeys; and there ain't one on'em that hasn't a good ear for music."

Hereupon he turned to the audience, and added:—

"Wal, you've seen it, and seen how natural they do it; now we want you to vacate the room, and give them a chance that's on the outside. There's new customers out there a-waitin', and if you only tell 'em outside what you've seen with your own eyes, you'll be doin' a service to me, and give to them an equal pleasure with what you have enjoyed."

This was done; the audience retired, and another took place—including, however, one who had been an auditor at the last exhibition. The same scene was gone through with; the same feeding, "music and dancing;" only it was observed that the motion of the turkeys was even more lively than before.

It struck the twice-observer that just before the music began, a man was seen to leave the room on both occasions; and, unnoticed, he stepped out himself the last time, and saw the man busying himself with putting some light kindling-wood under an opening beneath the show.

The mystery was now out. The turkey cage rested over a slow fire, with a thin tin floor, and when the music struck up, the fire had become so hot that the turkeys hopped about—first on one leg, then on the other—and changed positions, "seeking rest and finding none," till the fire had gone down, and they were ready for another feed!

It is proper to add that the showman got a sound thrashing from the enraged audience.

A NON COMMITTAL CAPTAIN.—The Salem *Register* tells the following good story of old Capt. Ward, who flourished in that municipality in days of yore:—

"Capt. Ward was an eccentric of the first water, and one of his peculiarities was that he never gave the desired answer to a direct question. An amusing instance of this evasive habit is related. One morning, four of his friends, who were aware of this trait in his character, observed the captain going to market, and after some bantering, entered into a bet as to the practicability of learning from him the price he paid for his purchase. They accordingly settled the preliminaries, and stationing themselves at different points along Essex street, which he must pass on his way home, awaited his coming. Very soon the bluff old gentleman made his appearance with a bunch of pigeons in his hand. As he approached, the first questioner accosted him with: 'Good morning, captain! What did you give for pigeons, this morning?' '*Money*,' said the captain bluntly, as he moved up the street. The second gentleman, a little further on, addressed him and asked: 'How go pigeons this morning, captain?' '*They don't go at all; I carry 'em!*' was the equally unsatisfactory reply. Shortly after he met the third, who passed the time of day and inquired: 'How much are pigeons a dozen, captain?' '*Didn't get a dozen—only bought half-a-dozen!*' said the old gentleman, gruffly, still plodding on his way. Finally, the fourth and last of the conspirators cottoned to the wary old salt by observing, in the blandest of tones: 'A fine lot of pigeons you have there, captain! what did you get them for?' '*To eat*,' was the pertinent and emphatic rejoinder, and the captain reached home without further molestation. If the pigeons did not take wing, the joke did, and has been handed down by tradition to the present day.

☞ What utility is there in killing hogs, if they are cured directly afterwards?

A DISCLOSURE DURING THE HONEYMOON.

MARY.—"Charles, dear; now we are married, you know, we should have no secrets. So do, like a love, hand me the bottle of Hair Dye; you will find it in my dressing case." (Fancy Charles' emotions!)

ONE OF THE BOYS.

Isaac Partington has been writing to his chum, Reuben Sled. The correspondence has been intercepted by the Boston Gazette, which prints this sample of Ike's "inner boy:"

HILL-TOP, August 30.

MY DEAR REUB.:—I got yours through the Gazette orifice, and was glad to hear from you, though I can't come up to see you because I'm somewheres else. Grantville isn't half so fine a place as Hill-Top, I know, if we haven't got no pump. We've got a well sweep, and a well that's half full of frogs to make the water sweet. It's a mighty deep well, and when you look down into it, your face don't look no bigger than an apple. Some say you can see stars in it at noonday, but I don't believe it, because I've looked down into it ever so many times on purpose, and couldn't see nary one. It's prime fun to get on the big end of the sweep and go up with it, but uncle George let me down by the run tother day, and came pretty nigh breaking my neck. He's as mean as a last year's robin's nest. We catch eels here, and that you can't do at Grantville. They are monster great ones. We caught some ten feet long, or they would have been if they had been stretched out one after another. We had some rare sport down in the meadow the other day where we were haying. I stuck a fork into a bumble-bee's nest, and they come out onto us like murder. I dodged behind a bush, and uncle, who was raking after me, had to take it. They flew at him just as savage as anything, and he off hat to beat 'em off, and away went a whole lot of papers all over the field. He's a very pious man, but if his lips didn't make the motions of swearing, then my name isn't Ike. He blamed me for it, just as if I made the darned bumble-bees fly at him. We have fine times in swimming, them that knows how to, and them that don't we carry in and duck 'em. Fly River runs right by our farm, and we can swim across it very easy. There's some prime pears right on the tother shore, and the men are away, and the women darsen't run after us, and we will have some pretty soon, and then I'll send you some. Talk about your turf pond! Come down here, and I'll show you a real lake, chock full of goslins and bull paddocks and mud turtles, to kill. I have now got to go out into the field to ride a horse rake, and will draw to a close.

Yours till vacation is over,

IKE PARTINGTON.

MRS. PARTINGTON ON THE MODERN CLERGY.—"Don't you think we've got the dearest minister in the world?" said Laurina, as she was spending an afternoon at Mrs. Partington's. Mrs. Partington's mind sailed back majestically in review of many ministers who had officiated in the Old North, before she replied—"This is the dearest one, by a heap of money, dear, and if ministers is to be considered good according to the market valley, he is the best." "Don't you like his preaching?" said the young lady, catching the drift of the old lady's remark like a snow plow; "I think he is divine. He's so flowery, and his description so graphic that while listening we can almost hear the sound of water and see the growing herbage." She was very enthusiastic, and the subject called out all her eloquence. "Yes he is very fluid," replied the dame, "I know—very watery—and I've noticed the verbiage also, but I don't think he comes up quite to some of our old pastures in p'int of real strength. Why Dr. Verbal used to preach a sermon three hours long, and then have a lectur in the evening, which was well giving us our money's worth. But all to their taste, as the old lady said when she kissed the cow." She relapsed into a chair, and the conversation turned on other subjects. The question is, did the old lady allude to kiss her cow, or did she make any such remark?—*Boston Gazette.*

ONE OF THE "HIGHAH AWDAH" AMONG THE NATIVES.—*Gent.* (pompously).—I say my friend, are you sufficiently acquainted with the topography of this neighborhood, to direct me to the residence of the nearest disciple of Esculapius?

Mystified Native.—Which?

Gent.—Could you direct me to the nearest physician?

Native (more perplexed than ever)—Hey?

Gent. (getting wrathy).—Can't you tell a man the way to the doctor's?

Native (relieved.)—Oh, wan't to find the doctor, do ye? Why didn't you say so? My brother over in that shanty yonder is a doctor!

GUILT IN EVERY LINEAMENT.—That is a good story of the party of verdant ones, who attended court for the first time during a criminal trial, pressed in at the door, and gaining a toe-hold upon the extreme edge of an outer bench, took a survey of the scene around the "judge's stand." "Who are them twelve men settin' there clust together?" whispered one of the "party" to a waggish by-stander, pointing to the jury-box. "Those are the prisoners," was the reply. "I *thought* so!" was the rejoinder: "if *I* was on the jury, I'd convict every one of 'em from their *looks* alone! Look at that *head* follow, (pointing to the foreman:) see him watch what's goin on! *He* knows all about it, I'll warn't you! Well, *they'll* git it—ten years apiece, least calculation!" To adopt a novel expression, "Comment is unnecessary."

A VIEW OF NEW YORK SOCIETY.—[Scene. A street. Policeman discovers burglar in the very act of breaking into a dwelling.]

Policeman.—Now, I've got you, old fellow!

Burglar.—No, sir! no, sir! you don't come that! The law for the punishment of burglary is unconstitutional! I won't go till I see my counsel.

Agricultural.

FATTENING SWINE.

The propensity to acquire fat in many animals, seems to have been implanted by nature as a means of protecting them against certain vicissitudes to which they might be exposed. The first herbage of the season works off the impurities of the blood, and cleanses the system from unhealthy humors—renovating the constitution and all the functions of the body, and enabling the animal to accumulate a store of strength to carry it forward in its destined course. The bear, and other hybernating animals, acquire an amount of fat by the close of autumn, which enables them to live through the long winter without the trouble of seeking food or eating it. True, it is rather a low degree of life—an oblivious sleep—but it is adapted to their nature and consistent with their enjoyment. The deer also lays up a supply of fat against winter—smaller in amount, to be sure, than that of the bear, but sufficient with the food it can ordinarily procure, to carry on the economy of the system till the return of spring. It is so with the buffalo or bison; and our domestic cattle show, that they were originally endowed with a similar propensity, which domestication has not obliterated.

In regard to the hog, if circumstances are favorable, he is inclined to lay up such a supply of fat during autumn as would render it unnecessary for him to undergo much exercise or exposure during inclement weather. With plenty of *lard oil* to keep his lamp burning, he would prefer dozing in a bed of leaves in the forest while the ground is covered with snow, rather than to *grub* daily for a living. He fattens most rapidly in such a state of the atmosphere as is most congenial to his comfort—neither too hot nor too cold; hence the months of September and October are best for making pork. The more agreeable the weather, the less is the amount of food required to supply the waste of life.

Against fattening hogs so early in the season, it may be objected that Indian corn, the crop chiefly depended on for the purpose, is not matured. Taking everything into consideration, it may be better to begin to feed corn before it is ripe—or even at a stage of considerable greenness. After the plant has blossomed it possesses a considerable degree of sweetness—hogs will chew it, swallow the juice, and leave nothing but the dry fibrous matter, which they eject from their mouths when no more sweetness can be extracted. They thrive on this fodder, and will continue to eat it till the nutriment is concentrated in the ear, and then will eat the cob and grain together till the cob gets hard and dry. Farmers who have practised this mode of feeding, consider it more advantageous than to leave the whole crop to ripen, unless they have a supply of old corn to feed with. Even in the latter case, it is questionable whether hogs will not do better on corn somewhat green than they would on hard corn, unground. True it is not necessary that corn should be fed unground, but much is fed in this condition, no doubt at a loss.

In many parts of the country swine are fed considerably on articles which are not readily marketable—as imperfect fruits, vegetables, &c. Where such articles are used, cooking them is generally economical. A mixture of squashes (either summer or winter squashes), pumpkins—the nearer ripe the better—potatoes, beets, and apples, boiled or steamed, and a fourth or an eighth of their bulk of meal stirred in while the mass is hot, forms a dish on which hogs will fatten fast. If skimmed milk or whey can be had, the cooked food may be put with it into a suitable tub or vat, and a slight degree of fermentation allowed to take place before the whole is fed out. The animals will eat it with avidity, and probably derive more benefit from it than if it had not been fermented. Articles which are of a perishable nature, should be used first in fattening swine, in order to prevent waste and turn all the products of the farm to the best account.

Another quite important advantage of early feeding is the less trouble in regard to cooking the food and keeping it in proper condition to feed out. The cooking may be done out of doors, if convenience of feeding would be promoted by it, and there is no expense or trouble to guard the food against freezing.—*Boston Cultivator.*

VEGETABLE CELLARS.

It is difficult to understand on what principle so many market gardeners endeavor to carry on their business without the necessary convenience of a vegetable cellar.

Without this, even in the summer, they must of necessity be very much at the mercy of trucksters, who too lazy to cultivate for themselves, manage to pick up a smart living on the industry of others. With the keenest judgment, it will frequently happen that a gardener gets a large quantity of produce together, with the expectation of a quick sale, and finds to his mortification that every body else had, like him, brought a great load, and the consequence is, that he must sell at any price, or spoil his goods for want of storage for a night or two. In the fall again, he must sell out, there is no help for him, and that at 25 per cent. below actual prices, and 50, and often 100 per cent. below winter prices.

His produce once disposed of, then he has nothing to do for four or six months, but squander what he toiled so hard for, and all for the want of an occupation, which the selling of his own produce would give him, supposing he had a cellar to store it in during winter.

For a market gardener, we consider a good warm cellar as necessary a part of his conveniences as a horse and wagon.

The following method of preserving vegetables in winter by the Russians, is given in an early number of Loudon's Gardeners' Magazine, and may not be ill-timed at this season. We have known cellars of the best description built under ground, the roof arched with brick work, and covered with at least three feet of soil:—

"Cabbages are preserved in the gardens (set close together to save room,) by building a roof over them of old boards, covering them with the old dung of the hot-beds, or the cleaning of the garden, and the shovelling over of all the earth from the adjacent beds. If the ground is dry, and it is possible to dig downwards, the house (if it may be so called,) will be warmer; but the best situation is the brow of a hillock. Two tubes or chimneys are erected to let out the confined air when it thaws, or towards spring. Leeks, celery, in short all similar vegetables, may be preserved in the same way. The chimney must be stuffed up when it freezes."—*Country Gentleman.*

ICE HOUSES.—Any person in the country, where timber is cheap, can erect an ice-house at but little expense. All that is required is to put up a strong frame of the size of the house required, and board it up close, inside and outside, with a space between all around. This space is stuffed close with straw or dry saw-dust. The roof is made in the same manner, and the house is then complete. Straw and saw-dust are cheap, and good non-conductors. The house should be situated on a dry spot, and should have a drain under the floor. It should also be convenient, to be filled easily. The walls of stone and brick ice-houses should be double, as well as those of wood. Great care should be exercised in packing ice—all the blocks should be clear and solid, and about the same thickness, so that they may be packed close together, and frozen into a solid mass. In favorable situations, good ice-houses may be excavated like caves in the face of a hill.—*Scientific American.*

☞ When sorrow has left its "traces," what has become of the rest of the harness?

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Have you weaned the lambs of your flock yet? If not, it may be time to attend to it. When lambs are about four months old, they should be separated from their mothers, and placed in a pasture so far distant from them, that their bleatings cannot be heard. The pasture of the lambs should be rich and tender, to supply the place of the milk which they no longer enjoy. Do not be alarmed if the lambs have a little looseness of the bowels at weaning. Their new food is likely to produce it.

After you take the lambs away, place the ewes on poorer pasture for a fortnight. This will make it easier for them to dry up. Examine them, however, after a few days, and see if the udders are swollen. A few may be so. If so, milk them, and bathe the parts for a few days in cold water. At the end of the two weeks, take the ewes to the best pasture, that they may be in excellent condition for the buck in November, and for the winter.

By the way, have you kept your bucks out of the flock all summer? That is the best way. But if you have permitted them to run with the flock till now, it will be best to remove them at once. Some harm may have been done already, for we have seen frozen lambs very early in February. Keep your bucks on good food, and in good condition; and do not give them access to the ewes till the month of November; the first two weeks of that month are the best time of the whole.—*Ohio Farmer.*

KEEPING CELERY.—Having adopted a very simple plan for keeping my celery last fall, I am disposed to make it public for the benefit of all lovers of this excellent plant. Upon digging the celery, I cut off as usual a large part of the top, and of the root also, still leaving on a good many of the fibres of the latter. It was then packed carefully, root down, in an old flour barrel, filling the barrel with the upright plants, one tier high. Sand was then thrown in and shaken down till the plants were covered. I have supposed that the upright position favored that action of the juices of the plant that keeps it crispy and fresh. At all events the celery keeps beautifully.—*Correspondent Country Gentleman.*

Useful Receipts.

TO NEUTRALIZE THE ACID, (SOURNESS) IN FRUIT, PIES AND PUDDING.—As the fruit season now advances, it is well worthy of notice that a large quantity of the free acid which exists in rhubarb, gooseberries, currants, and other fruits, may be judiciously corrected by the use of a small quantity of carbonate of soda, without in the least affecting their flavor, so long as too much soda is not added. To an ordinary sized pie or pudding, as much soda may be added as piled up will cover a shilling, or even twice such a quantity, if the fruit is very sour. If this little hint is attended to, many a stomach ache will be prevented, and a vast quantity of sugar saved; because when the acid is neutralized by the soda, it will not require so much sugar to render the sour sweet.

TOMATO SOY.—One peck of tomatoes, peeled and chopped; 1 teacup of salt; ½ cup of whole black pepper; 2 tablespoons of pounded cloves; 2 do. allspice, 2 red peppers, cut up, and 4 large onions, chopped fine. Boil all together in a preserving kettle one hour very hard; stir all the time, to prevent burning at the bottom. Just before you take it off, add a quart of strong vinegar. When cold, bottle and seal. Half a cup of celery seed is an improvement. It is delightful seasoning for soups and stews.

TO PRESERVE APPLES.—Weigh equal quantities of good brown sugar and of apples. Peel, core, and mince them small. Boil the sugar, allowing to every three pounds a pint of water. Skim it well, and boil it pretty thick. Then add the apples, the grated peel of one or two lemons, and two or three pieces of white ginger. Boil till the apples fall, and look clear and yellow. Apples prepared in this way will keep for years.

HOW TO TREAT YOUR CORNS SCIENTIFICALLY.—The end to be gained in cutting a corn is to take off the pressure of the shoe from the tender portion of the sensitive skin; and to effect this object, the summit of the corn must be cut in such a manner as to excavate it, the edges being left to act as a bolster and still further protect the central part. The professional chiropodist effects this object very adroitly; he generally works around the centre, and takes out the fibrous portion in a single piece. He digs, as he says, for the root. There is another way of disposing of a corn which is effectual and obviates the necessity for the use of the knife. Have some common sticking plaster spread on buff leather; cut a piece sufficiently large to cover the corn and skin around, and have a hole punched in the middle of exactly the size of the summit of the corn. Now take some common soda, and make it into a paste, with about half its bulk of soap; fill the hole in the plaster with the paste, and cover it up with a piece of sticking-plaster. Let this be done at bed-time, and in the morning remove the plaster, and wash the corn with warm water. If this operation be repeated every second, third, or fourth day for a short time, the corn will be removed. The only precaution requiring to be used is to avoid causing pain; and so long as any tenderness occasioned by the remedy lasts it must not be repeated. When the corn is reduced within reasonable bounds by either of the above modes, or when it is only threatening, and has not yet risen to the height of being a sore annoyance, the best of all remedies is a piece of soft buff leather, spread with soap plaster, and pierced in the centre with a hole exactly the size of the summit of the corn. If it can be procured, a better substance still for spreading the plaster upon is "amadou," or "German tinder." The soft corn occurs between the toes, and is produced in the same manner as the common corn; but in consequence of the moisture existing in this situation, the thickened scarf-skin becomes saturated and remains permanently soft. The soft corn is best relieved by cutting away the thick skin with a pair of scissors, avoiding to wound the flesh; then touching it with a drop of Friar's balsam, and wearing habitually a piece of cotton wool between the toes, changing the cotton daily. "Caustic," says Mr. Wilson, "as an application for the cure of corns is a remedy which should be used with great caution, and would be better left altogether in the hands of the medical man."

The Riddler.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 51 letters.

My 46, 37, 42, 16, 6, 23, was a city where Paul and Barnabas having preached, the people supposing them to be gods, were about to offer them sacrifices.

My 29, 20, 12, 23, 11, 3, 31, was a village about two miles from Jerusalem, near Mount Olivet.

My 36, 22, 44, 43, 9, 8, was a piece of money found by Peter in the mouth of the fish.

My 48, 50, 7, 17, 21, 49, 25, 38, was a pool at Jerusalem, which, at a certain season, an angel went into and troubled the water.

My 26, 3, 34, 28, 47, 30, 42, was used by Jacob to make pottage for Esau when he bought his birthright.

My 42, 35, 2, 5, 4, was the earliest weapon mentioned in Scripture.

My 22, 18, 6, 27, 48, 47, 51, 14, 2, were two heathen cities on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea, into which it does not appear that Christ ever went, though he was often very near them.

My 10, 13, 47, 31, 47, 1, was one of Christ's Apostles.

My 15, 47, 19, 22, 27, 40, 3, 7, 49, was the year of the government of Tiberius that John the Baptist began to preach.

My 22, 5, 18, 29, 16, 47, 6, 11, was the city of one of the seven churches mentioned in Revelations.

My 33, 41, 6, 14, 51, was King of Judea.

My 4, 29, 24, was a city that was remarkable as one of the extremities of the promised Land.

My whole is a proverb of Solomon that every young person should read.

L. A. M.

Pittsburg, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 7 letters.

My 1, 5, 4, 1, 3, is a county in Tennessee.

My 2, 4, 3, 1, 7, was a king of Crete, made, for his extraordinary justice, a judge of hell.

My 3, 2, 4, 3, 3, is a county in Tennessee.

My 2, 1, 2, 6, 7, was the god of raillery, wit, &c.

My 3, 4, 3, 6, 7, was the first King of the Assyrians.

My 4, 3, 1, was daughter of Cadmus and Hermione, and wife of Athamas.

My 4, 1, was daughter of Inachus, transformed by Jupiter into a white heifer, but afterwards, resuming her former shape, was worshipped as a goddess by the Egyptians, under the name of Isis.

My 5, 4, 5, 5, is a county in Georgia.

My 6, 7, is a pronoun.

My 6, 3, 4, 1, 3, is a county in Pennsylvania.

My 7, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, was the god of sleep.

My whole is of great convenience to the public.

GARNEW.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 1, 23, 6, 10, 3, 12, was a traitor.

My 15, 9, 1, 19, 6, is not the first time.

My 2, 4, 24, 20, 22, 6, implies attention.

My 19, 5, 7, 18, 4, 6, 15, is a name that figures conspicuously in a romance in the Post.

My 14, 7, 6, 22, 24, 21, is what all men should be.

My 16, 4, 17, 14, 12, is not loose.

My 24, 15, 11, 6, is a mineral.

My whole is a well known and truthful proverb.

Martinsville, Illinois. O. J. McM.

ACROSTICAL CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Swiftly soars the singing lark,
Across the clover-covered park;
Trying with its wings to fly
Up to the azure-colored sky.
Roses sweet perfume the air—
Dahlias bloom in gardens fair;
All nature's works some men disdain,
Yet they strive hard my first to gain.

Ease through my first's sometimes obtained;
Victory by it is often gained;
E'en it is used by rich and poor,
Now this you understand, I'm sure.
In California's distant land,
Near where its rivers wash the sand,
Great efforts does my second command.

Perhaps you know my whole is found,
On many a mount beneath the ground;
Sift this charade well in your mind,
The answer then you'll surely find.

Pequea, Pa. ALPHA.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When stocks below my first have gone,
And a good investment reckoned,
If the broker does not purchase some,
You may be sure he is not my second.

In olden times, when Christ on earth
Wrought miracles among the Jews,
The Gospel of salvation preached,
And sometimes my whole did use.

Pittsburg, Pa. L. A. M.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first, a sudden exclamation;
My second, a wholesome vegetation;
My third, a motto for a nation;
My whole, a brilliant constellation.

GARNEW.

GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. O I Was
2. A tin gall
3. O yell wel son
4. T plate
5. To cant sin
6. O dri pan ale
7. O can I sal?
8. This cor.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two farmers going to market, each with a certain number of sheep, on the way they are stopped by a company of soldiers, who plunder the first of half his sheep, and then give to the other three-fifths of what they took from the first. After the soldiers have gone the farmers divide the whole number of sheep so that each has an equal part. The second farmer after this is robbed of half his sheep, and the first receives one-ninth of them. They then divide equally as before. But, coming to a river, three-sevenths of the first farmer's sheep are drowned, and the second farmer gives him enough so as he will have half as much as when he started for market, and if he had ten more, he would have as many as the second. What did they have at first?

Watertown.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is the letter G like the sun? Ans.—Because it is the centre of light.

☞ Where is sympathy to be found, even by the most disconsolate? Ans.—In the dictionary.

☞ Why is a chicken running like a man whipping his wife? Ans.—Because it's a fowl proceeding.

☞ Why is a person trying to say something witty like a dog's tail? Ans.—Because he is inclined to be waggish.

☞ In what color should you keep your promises? Ans.—Keep them in violet (inviolate.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ARITHMETICAL ENIGMA—"Multiply the whole number by the numerator, and divide the product by the denominator. BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—The Grand Duke Constantine, of Russia. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—A bird in the hand worth two in the bush. CHARADE—Herming (Her-he-mit-age.) CHARADE—Whole-some. RIDDLE—Steel. ANAGRAMS—1. Taylor; 2. Way; 3. Marion; 4. Washington; 5. Allen; 6. Wellington; 7. Harrison; 8. May; 9. Lafayette; 10. Coin wallis; 11. Bonaparte; 12. Howe. MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM—Area 120 acres; sides, 150 and 160 rods.